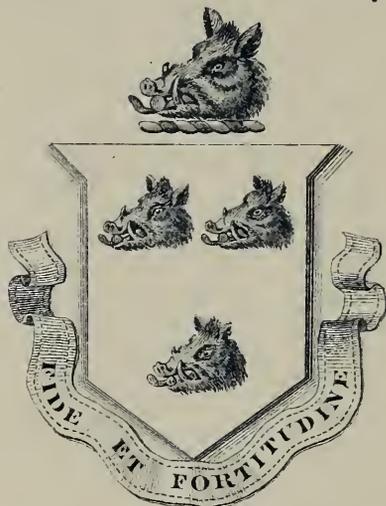


Accessions

Shelf No.

G.3962.2

*Barton Library.*



*Thomas Pennant Barton.*

**Boston Public Library.**

*Received, May, 1873.*

*Not to be taken from the Library.*









# EASTWARD HOE.

As

It was playd in the  
*Black-friers.*

By

The Children of her Maiesties Reuels.

*Made by*

GEO: CHAPMAN. BEN: IONSON. IOW: MARSTON.



AT LONDON  
Printed for *William Aspley.*

1605.

3185  
4

# PROLOGVS.

**N**Ot out of Envy, for ther's no effect  
Where there's no cause; nor out of Imitation  
For we haue euermore bin Imitated;  
Nor out of our contention to doe better  
Then that which is opposde to ours in Title,  
For that was good; and better cannot be:  
And for the Title if it seeme affected  
We might as well haue calde it, God you good Even:  
Onely that East-ward; west-wards still exceeds,  
Honour the Sunnes faire rising, not his setting;  
Nor is our Title vterly enforste,  
As by the points we touch at, you shall see,  
Beare with our willing paines, if dull or witty,  
We onely dedicate it to the City.

AT LONDON

Printed for William Stansfeld

1602.

frances wolffeston her booke

# EAST-WARD HOE.

Y<sup>rs</sup> 1534 ~~Y<sup>rs</sup> 1534~~ a resfrabell

Actus primi, Scena prima.

Y<sup>rs</sup> 1534

*Enter Maister Touch-stone, and Quick-siluer at Seuerall dores, Quick-siluer with his hat, pumps, short sword and dagger, and a Racket trussed up under his cloake. At the middle dore, Enter Golding discovering a Gold-smiths shoppe, and walking short turns before it.*

*Touch-stone.*



ND whether with you now? what loose action are you bound for? come what comrades are you to meete withall? whers the supper? whers the randeuou?

*Quick.* Indeed, and in very good sober truth, Sir.

*Touch.* Indeed, and in very good sober truth Sir? Behinde my backe thou wilt sweare faster then a french foot boy, and talke more bawdily then a common mid-wife, and now indeede and in very good sober truth Sir: but if a priuie search should be made, with what furniture are you riggd now? Sirrah I tell thee, I am thy maister *William Tutch-stone* Goldsmith: and thou my Prentise *Francis Quick-siluer*: and I will see whether you are running. *Worke upon that now.*

*Quick.* Why Sir I hope a man may vie his recreation with his maisters profit.

*Touch.* Prentises recreations are seldome with their maisters profit. *Worke upon that now.* You shall giue vp your cloake tho you be no Alderman. Heyday, Ruffins hall. Su ord, pumps, heers a Racket indeed.

*Touch. uncloakes Quick.*

*Quick. Worke upon that now.*

*Touch.* Thou shamelesse Varlet dost thou iest at thy lawfull maister contrary to thy Indentures?

*Quick.* Why zbloud sir, my mother's a Gentlewoman: and my father a Iustice of Peace, and of *Quorum*, and tho I am a yonger brother and a prentise yet I hope I am my fathers sonne: and by Gods hidde, tis for your worship and for your commoditie that I keepe companie. I am intertaind among gallants,

EASTWARD HOE.

true: They call me coozen *Franke*, right; I lend them monies, good; they spend it, well. But when they are spent, must not they strue to get more? must not their land flye? and to whom? shall not your worship ha, the refusall? well, I am a good member of the Citty if I were well considered. How would Merchants thriue, if Gentlemen would not be vnthriftes? How could Gentlemen be vnthrifts if their humours were not fed? How should their humours be fedde but by whit-meate, and cunning secondings? well, the Citty might consider vs. I am going to an Ordinary now; the gallants fall to play, I carry light golde with me: the gallants call coozen *Francke* some golde for siluer, I change, gaine by it, the gallants loose the gold; and then call coozen *Francke* lend me some siluer. Why —————

*Tom.* Why I cannot tell, seuē score pound art thou out in the cash, but looke to it, I will not be gallanted out of my monies. And as for my rising by other mens fall; God shield me. Did I gaine my wealth by Ordinaries? no: by exchanging of gold? no: by keeping of gallants company? no. I hired me a little shop, fought low, tooke small gainē, kept no debt booke, garnished my shop for want of Plate, with good wholsome thriftie sentences; As, *Touchstone, keepe thy shopp, and thy shoppe will keepe thee. Light gaines makes heavy purses: Tis good to be merry and wise:* And when I was wu'd, hauing something to stick too, I had the horne of Suretiship ever before my eyes: You all know the deuise of the Horne, where the young fellow slippes in at the Butte end, and comes squezd out at the Buckall: and I grew vp, and I praise prouidence, I beare my browes now as high as the best of my neighbours: but thou — well looke to the accounts, your fathers bond lyes for you: seuē score pound is yet in the reere.

*Quick.* Why Slid sir I haue as good, as proper gallants wordes for it as any are in London, Gentlemeñ of good shrafe, perfect language, pa singly behau'd. Gallants that weare socks and ceane linnen, and cail me kinde coozen *Franck*: good coozen *Francke*, for they know my Father; and by gods liddle shall not I trust hem? not trust?

*Enter*

Enter a Page as inquiring for  
Touch-stones Shoppe.

*Goulding.* What doe yee lacke Sir? What ist you'le buye Sir?

*Touch-stone.* I marry Sir, there's a youth of another peece. There's thy fellowe-Prentise, as good a Gentleman borne as thou art: nay, and better mean'd. But dos he pumpe it, or Racket it? Well, if he thriue not, if he out-last not a hundred such crackling Bauins as thou art, God and men neglect industrie.

*Gold.* It is his Shop, and here my M.walkes. *To the Page.*

*Touch.* With me Boy?

*Page.* My Maister, Sir *Petronel Flash*, recommends his loue to you, and will instantly visite you,

*Touch.* To make vp the match with my eldest daughter, my wiues Dilling, whom she longs to call Maddam. He shall finde me vnwillingly readie Boy. *Exit Page.*

There's another affliction too. As I haue two Prentises: the one of a boundlesse prodigalitie, the other of a most hopefull Industrie. So haue I onely two daughters: the eldest, of a proud ambition and nice wantonnesse: the other of a modest humilitie and comely tobernesse. The one must bee Ladyfied forsooth: and be attir'd iust to the Court-cut, and long tayle. So farre is she ill-natuide to the place and meanes of my preferment and fortune, that shee throwes all the contempt and dispiight, hatred it selfe can cast vpon it. Well, a peece of Land she has. 'twas her Grandmothers gift: let her and her Sir *Petronel*, fl. sh out that. But as for my substance. shee that skornes mee, as I am a Citizen and Trades-man, shall neuer pamper her pride with my industrie: shall neuer vse me as men doe Foxes: keepe themselves warme in the skinne, and throwe the body that bare it to the dung-hill. I must goe intertaine this Sir *Petronell*. *Goulding*, My vtmost care's for thee, and onely must in thee, looke to the shoppe, as for you; Maister *Quick-siluer*, thinke of huskes, for thy course is running directly to the prodigalls hogstrough. huskes Sir. *Workes vpon that now.*

*Exit Touch.*

*Quick.*

## EASTWARD HOE.

*Quick.* Mary fough goodman flat-cap: Sfoot tho I am a prentise I can giue armes; and my father's a iustice a peace by discent: and zbloud \_\_\_\_\_

*Goul.* Fye how you sweare.

*Qui.* Sfootman I am a Gentleman, and may sweare by my pedegree, Gods my lite. Sirrah *Goulding*, wilt be ruled by a foole? turne good fellow, turne swaggering gallant, and let the *Welkin* roare, and *Erebus* also: Looke not *Westward* to the fall of *Don Phæbus*, but to the East; *Eastward Hoe*,

“Where radiant beames of lusty Sol appeare,

“And bright Eous makes the welkin cleare.

We are both Gentlemen, and therefore should be no cox-combes: let's be no longer fooles to this flat-cap *Touchstone*. *Eastward Bully*: this Sattin belly, & Canuas backt *Touchstone*; *Slife* man his father was a Malt-man, and his mother sould *Ginger-bread* in *Christ-church*.

*Goul.* What would yee ha me doe?

*Quick.* Why do nothing, be like a gentleman, be idle the curse of man is labour. Wipe thy bum with testones, & make *Duckes* and *Drakes* with shillings: What *Eastward hoe*. Wilt thou crie, what ist yee lack? stand with a bare pate, and a dropping nose, vnder a wodden pent-house, and art a gentleman? wilt thou beare *Tankards*, and maist beare *Armes*? be rul'd, turne gallant, *Eastward hoe*, *ta lyre, lyre, ro*, *Who calls Ieronimo*? *speake here I am*: gods so, how I ke a sheepe thou lookst, a my conscience some cowheard begot thee, thou *Goulding* of *Goulding-hall*, ha boy?

*Gou.* Goe, yee are a prodigall coxcombe, I a cowheards sonne, because I turne not a drunkē whore-hunting rake-hell like thy selte?

*Offers to draw, & Goulding trips*

*Quick.* Rakehell? rakehell? *vp his heetes and holds him.*

*Goul.* Pish, in soft termes yee are a cowardly bragging boy, Ile ha you whipt.

*Quic.* Whipt, thats good ifaith, vntrusse me?

*Goul.* No, thou wilt vndoe thy seife. Alas I behold thee with pittie, not with anger; thou common shot-clog, gull of all companies: mee thinkes I see thee already walking in *Moore fields* without a Cloake, with halte a Hatte, without a band, a *Doublet* with three Buttons, without a girdle, a hose

## EASTWARD HOE.

a hose with one point and no Garter, with a cudgell vnder  
thine arme, borrowing and begging three pence.

*Quic.* Nay Slife, take this and take all: as I am a Gentle-  
man borne, Ile be drunke grow valiant, and beate thee. *Exit.*

*Goul.* Goe thou most madly vaine, whom nothing can re-  
couer but that which reclaimes Athiests, and makes great  
persons sometimes religious: Calanitie. As for my place and  
life thus I haue read:

*What ere some vainer youth may terme disgrace,  
The gaine of honest paines is neuer base:  
From trades from artes, from valor honor springs,  
These three are founts of gentry, yea of Kings.*

*Enter Girtred, Mildrid, Bettrice, and Poldauy a Taylor,  
Poldauy with a faire gowne, Scotch Varthingall, and  
French fall in his armes, girted in a French  
head attire, & Cittizens gowne; Mil-  
dred sewing, & Bettrice leading  
a Monkey after her.*

*Gir.* For the passion of patience, looke if sir *Petronell* ap-  
proach; that sweet, that fine, that delicate, that — for loues sake  
tell me if he come. O sister *Mill*, though my father be a low  
capt tradsman, yet I must be a Lady: and I praise God my  
mother must call me Medam, (does he come?) off with this  
gowne for shames takes, off with this gowne: let not my  
Knight take me, in the City cut in any hand: tear't, pax ont  
(does he come) tear't of. *Thus whilst shee sleepe I sorrow, for  
her sake, &c.*

*Mil.* Lord sifter, with what an immodest impaciencie and  
disgracefull scorne, doe you put off your Citty tier: I am sor-  
rie to thinke you imagin to right your selfe, in wronging that  
which hath made both you and vs.

*Gir.* I tell you I cannot indu e it, I must be a Lady: do you  
weare your Quoiffe with a London licket; your Stammell  
petticoate with two guardes the Buffin gowne with the Tuf-  
taffie cape, and the Valuet lace. I must be a Lady, and I will  
be a Lady. I like some humors of the Cittie Dem's we'll, to  
eare Charries onely at an Angell a pound; good to dye rich  
Scarlet black, pretty: to line a Cogarani gowne e'e ne  
thorough



## EASTWARD HOE

strument which, though it haue but one eye, can see to rectifie the imperfection of the proportion.

*Gir.* Most redefying Tailer! I protest you Tailers are most sanctified members, and make many crooked thing goe vpright. How must I beare my hands? light? light?

*Pold.* O I, now you are in the Lady-fashion, you must doe all things light. Tread light, light. I and fall so: that's the court-Amble. *She trips about the stage.*

*Gir.* Has the Court nere a trot?

*Pold.* No, but a false gallop, Ladie.

*Gir.* And if she will not goe to bed

*Cantat.*

*Bett.* The knights come forsooth.

*Enter Sir Petronell, M. Touch-stone,  
and Mistris Touchstone.*

*Gir.* Is my knight come? O the Lord. my band? Sister doo my cheekes looke well? giue me a little boxe a the care that I may see me to blush: now, now. So, there, there, there! here he is: O my dearest delight, Lord, Lord, and how dos my Knight?

*Touch:* Fye, with more modestie.

*Gir.* Modestie! why I am no cittizen now, modestie? am I not to bee married? y'are best to keepe me modest now I am to be a Ladie.

*Sir Petro.* Boldnes is good fashion and courtlie.

*Gir.* I, in a countrie Ladie I hope it is: as I shall be. And how chauce ye came no sooner knight?

*Sir Petro.* Faith, I was so intertained in the Progressse with one Count *Epernoum* a welch knight: wee had a match at *Baloone* too, with my Lord *Whachum*, for foure crownes.

*Gir.* At *Baboone*? *Iesu!* you and I will play at *Baboone* in the countrey? Knight.

*Sir Pet.* O sweet Lady: tis a strong play with the arme.

*Gir.* With arme, or legge, or any other member, if it bee a court-sport. And when shal's be married my Knight?

*Sir Pet.* I come now to consumate it; and your father may call a poore Knight, Sonne in Law.

*M. Touch.* Sir, ye are come, what is not mine to keepe, I must not be sorry to forgoe: A 100.li. Land her Grandmother left her, tis yours, her selfe (as her mothers gift) is yours. But if

EASTWARD HOE.

you expect ought from me, know, my hand and mine eyes open together; I doe not giue blindly: *Worke upon that now.*

*Sir Pet.* Sir, you mistrust not my meanes? I am a Knight.

*Touch.* Sir, Sir; What I know not, you will giue me leaue to say, I am ignorant of.

*Mistris Touch.* Yes, that he is a Knight; I know where he had money to pay the Gentlemen Vshers, and Heralds their Fees. I, that he is a Knight: and so might you haue beene too, if you had beene ought else then an Ass, as well as some of your neighbours. And I thought you would not ha beene Knighted, (as I am an honest woman) I would ha dub'd you my self, I praise God I haue wherewithall, But as for you daughter. —

*Gir.* I mother, I must bee a Ladie to morrow: and by your leaue mother (I speake it not without my dutie, but onely in the right of my husband) I must take place of you, Mother.

*Mistris Touch.* That you shall Lady-daughter, and haue a Coach as well as I too.

*Cir.* Yes mother. But by your leaue mother, (I speake it not without my dutie but onely in my husbands right) my Coach-horses must take the wall of your Coach-horses.

*Touch-stone.* Come, come, the day growes low: tis supper time; vse my house the wedding solemnitie is at my wifes cost; thanke mee for nothing but my willing blessing: for (I cannot faine) my hopes are faint. And Sir, respect my daughter, shee has refus'd for you wealthy and honest matches, knowne good men, well monied, better traded, best reputed.

*Gir.* Boddy a truth, *Chittizens, Chittizens.* Sweet Knight, as soone as euer wee are married, take mee to to thy mercie out of this miserable *Chittie*, presently, carry me out of the sent of *New-castle Coale*, and the hearing of *Boe-bell*, I beseech thee downe with me for God sake.

*Touch.* Well daughter, I haue read, that olde wit sings:  
*The greatest riuers flow from little springs.*

*Though thou art full, skorne not thy meanes at first,*

*He that's most drunke may soonest be a thirst.*

*Worke upon that now.*

*All but Touch-stone, Mildred, and Goulding depart.*

No, no; you'd stand my hopes.

*Mildred*, Come hither daughter. And how approue you your sisters fashion? how doe you phantise her cho yce? what dost thou thinke?

*Mil*. I hope as a sister, well.

*Touch*. Nay but, nay but how dost thou like her behauiour and humour? speake freely.

*Mil*. I am loath to speake ill; and yet I am sorry of this, I cannot speake well.

*Touch*. Well: very good, as I would wish: A modest answer. *Goulding*, come hither: hither *Goulding*. How dost thou like the Knight, *Sir Flash*? dos he not looke bigge? how likst thou the *Elephant*? he sayes he has a castle in the Countrey.

*Gould*. Pray heauen, the *Elephant* carry not his Castle on his backe.

*Touch*. Fore heauen, very well: But seriously, how dost repute him?

*Gould*. The best I can say of him is, I know him not.

*Touch*. Ha *Goulding*? I commend thee, I approue thee, and will make it appeare my affection is strong to thee. My wife has her humour, and I will ha mine. Dost thou see my daughter here? shee is not faire, well-fauoured or so, indifferent, which modest measure of beautie, shall not make it thy onely worke to watch her, nor sufficient mischaunce, to suspect her. Thou art towardly, shee is modest, thou art provident, shee is carefull. Shee's now mine: giue me thy hand, shee's now thine. *Worke upon that now.* (obey you.

*Gould*. Sir, as your sonne, I honour you; and as your seruant

*Touch*. Sayest thou so, come hither *Mildred*. Doe you see you'd fellow? he is a Gentleman (tho my Prentise) & has somewhat to take too: a Youth of good hope; well friended, well parted. Are you mine? You are his. *Worke (you) upon that now.*

*Mil*. Sir, I am all yours: your body gaue mee life, your care and loue hapinesse of life: let your vertue still direct it, for to your wisdom I wholly dispose my selfe.

*Touch*. Sayst thou so? be you two better acquainted, Lip her, Lip her knaue. So shut vp shop: in We must make holiday.

*This match shal on, for I intend to procure* Ex. *Col. & Mil.*

*Which thrines the best, the meane or loftie lene.*

EASTWARD HOE.

Whether fit Wedlock vovd twixt like and like,  
Or prouder hopes, which daringly ore strike  
Their place and meanes : tis honest Times expence,  
When seeming lightnesse beares a morrall sence.

Worke vpon that now.

Exit.

Actus secundi. Scena Prima.

Touchstone, Quickefiluer, Goulding and Mildred, sitting  
on eyther side of the stall.

Touch. Quickefiluer, maister Frances Quickefiluer, maister  
Quickefiluer ? Enter Quickefiluer.

Qui. Here sir ; (ump.)

Touch. So sir ; nothing but flat Maister Quickefiluer (with-  
out any familiar addition ) will fetch you : will you trusse my  
points sir ?

Quick. I forsooth : (ump.)

Touch. How now sir ? the druncken hyckop , so soone this  
morning ?

Quick. Tis but the coldnesse of my stomack forsooth.

Touch. What ? haue you the cause naturall for it? y'are a very  
learned drunckerd: I beleue I shall misse some of my siluer  
spoones with your learning . The nuptiall night will not moi-  
sten your throate sufficiently , but the morning likewise must  
raine her dewes into your gluttonous weland.

Quick. An't please you sir , we did but drinke (ump,) to the  
comming off, of the Knightly Bridegrome.

Touch. To the comming off an'him ?

Quick. I forsooth : we druncke to his comming on (ump,)  
when we went to bed; and now we are vp, we must drinke to  
his comming off: for thats the chiefe honour of a Souldier sir,  
and therefore we must drinke so much the more to it, forsooth.  
(ump.)

Touch. A very capitall reason. So that you goe to bed late,  
and rise early to commit drunkennesse ? you fullfill the Scrip-  
ture very sufficient wickedly forsooth.

Quick. The Knights men forsooth be still a their knees at it,  
(ump) & because tis for your credit sir, I wold be loth to flinch.

Touch.

*Touch.* I pray sir, een to 'hem againe then; y'are one of the seperated crew, one of my wiues faction, & my young Ladies, with whō & with their great match, I wil haue nothing to do.

*Quick.* So sir, now I will go keepe my (*vmp*) credit with 'hem an't please you sir.

*Touch.* In any case Sir, Iay one cup of Sack more a' your cold stomack, I beseech you.

*Quick.* Yes forsooth.

*Exit. Quick.*

*Touch.* This is for my credit; Seruants euer maintaine drunkenesse in their maisters house, for their maisters credit; a good idle Seruing-mans reason: I thanke Time, the night is past; I nere wakt to such cost; I thinke we haue stowd more sorts of flesh in our bellies, then euer *Noahs* Arke receiued: and for Wine, why my house turnes giddie with it, and more noise in it then at a Conduict; Aye me, euen beasts condemne our gluttonie. Well, 'tis our Citties fault, which because we commit seldome, we commit the more sinfully, wee lose no time in our sensualitie, but we make amends for it; O that we would do so in vertue, and religious negligences; But see here are all the sober parcels my house can showe, Ile cauesdrop, heare what thoughts they vtter this morning.

*Enter Goulding.*

*Goul.* But is it possible, that you seeing your sister preferd to the bed of a Knight, should containe your affections in the armes of a Prentice?

*Myl.* I had rather make vp the garment of my affections in some of the same peece, then like a foole weare gownes of two coulours. or mix Sackcloth with Sattin.

*Goul.* And doe the costly garments; the title and fame of a Lady, the fashion, obseruation, and reuerence proper to such preferment, no more enflame you, then such conuenience as my poore meanes and industrie can offer to your vertues?

*Mil.* I haue obseru'd that the bridle giuen to those violent flatteries of fortune, is seldome recouer'd; they beare one headlong in desire from one noueltie to another: and where those hanging appetites raigne, there is euer more passion then reason: no stayer, and so no happinesse. These hastie aduancements are not naturall; Nature hath giuen vs legges, to goe to our objects; not wings to flie to them.

*Goul.* How deare an obiect you are to my desires I cannot expresse, whose fruition would my maisters absolute content and yours vouchsafe me, I should be absolutely happy. And though it were a grace so farre beyond my merit, that I should blush with vnworthinesse to receiue it, yet thus farre both my loue & my meanes shall assure your requitall; you shall want nothing fit for your birth and education; what encrease of wealth and aduancement. the honest and orderly industrie & skill of our trade will affoorde in any, I doubt not will be aspired by me; I will euer make your contentment the end of my endeouours; I will loue you aboue all; and onely your grieft shall be my miserie; and your delight, my felicitie.

*Touch.* *Worke upon that now.* By my hopes, he woes honestly and orderly; he shalbe Anchor of my hopes. *Looke,* see the ill yoakt monster his fellow.

*Enter Quicke siluer vnlac'd, a towell about his necke, in his flat Cap, drunke.*

*Quick.* Eastward Hoe; *Holla ye pampered lades of Asia.*

*Touch.* Drunke now downe right, a, my fidelitie.

*Quic.* (*Vmp*) pulldo, Pulldo; showse quoth the Caliuier.

*Goul.* Fie fellow *Quicke siluer,* what a pickle are you in?

*Quic.* Pickle? pickle in thy throate; zounes pickell? wa ha ho, good morow knight *Petronell:* morow lady *Gouldsmith.* come of, Knight, with a counterbuff, for the honor of knighthood.

*Goul.* Why how now sir? doe yee know where you are?

*Quic.* Where I am? why sbloud you Ioulthead where I am?

*Goul.* Go to, go to, for shame go to bed, and sleepe out this immodestie: thou sham'st both my maister and his house.

*Quick.* Shame? what shame? I thought thou wouldst show thy bringing vp: and thou wert a Gentleman as I am, thou wouldst thinke it no shame to be drunke. Lend me some money, saue my credit, I must dine with the Seruing men and their wiues; and their wiues sirha.

*Goul.* E'ene who you will, Ile not lend thee three pence.

*Quic.* Sfoote lend me some money, *hast thou not Hyren here?*

*Touch.* Why how now sirha? what vain's this, hah?

*Quic.* *Who cries on murther? lady was it you?* how does our maister? pray thee crie Eastward ho? (drunke.)

*Touch.* Sirha, sirrha, y'are past your hickvp now, I see y'are

*Touch.*

EASTWARD HOE.

*Quic.* Tis for your credit maister.

*Touch.* And heare you keepe a whore in towne.

*Quic.* Tis for your credit Maister.

*Touch.* And what you are out in Cashe, I know.

*Quick.* So do I. my fathers a Gentleman, *Worke upon that now*; Eastward hoe.

*Touch.* Sir, Eastward hoe, will make you go Westward ho; I will no longer dishonest my house, nor endanger my stocke with your licence; There sir, there's your Indenture, all your apparell (that I must know) is on your back; and from this time my doore is shut to you: from me be free; but for other freedome, and the moneys you haue wasted; Eastward ho, shall not serue you.

*Quic.* Am I free a, my fetters? Rente; Flye with a Duck in thy mouth: and now I tell thee *Touchstone* —

*Touch.* Good sir.

*Quic.* *When this eternall substance of my soule,* (ends.

*Touch.* Well said, chandge your gould ends for your play

*Quick.* *Did I live imprison'd in my wanton flesh.*

*Touch.* What then sir? (was my name.

*Quic.* *I was a Courtier in the Spanish court, and Don Andrea*

*Touch.* Good maister Don Andrea will you marche?

*Quic.* Sweete *Touchstone*, will you lend me two shillings?

*Touch.* Not a penny.

*Quic.* Not a penny? I haue friends, & I haue acquaintance, I will pisse at thy shop posts, and throw rotten Egges at thy signe: *Worke upon that now.* *Exit, staggering.*

*Touch.* Now sir ha, you? heare you? you shall serue me no more neither; not an houre longer.

*Goul.* What meane you sir?

*Touch.* I meane to giue thee thy freedome; & with thy freedome my daughter: & with my daughter a fathers loue. And with all these such a portion, as shall make Knight *Petronell* himselfe enuie thee: y'are both agreed? are yee not?

*Ambo.* With all submission, both of thanks and dutie.

*Tou.* Well then, the great powre of heauē blesse & confirme you. And, *Goulding*, that my loue to thee may not showe lesse then my wifes loue to my eldest daughter; thy marriage feast shall equall the Knights and hers.

*Gould.*

EASTWARD HOE.

*Goul.* Let me beseech you, no Sir, the superfluitie and colde meate left at their Nuptialls, will with bountie furnish ours. The grossest prodigallitie is superfluous cost of the Bellye: nor would I wish any invitement of States or friendes, onely your reuerent presence and witnessse shall sufficiently grace and confirme vs.

*Touch.* Sonne to mine owne bosome, take her and my blessing: The nice fondling, my Lady sir-reuerence, that I must not nowe presume to call daughter, is so rauish't with desire to hanfell her new Coche, and see her knights *Eastward Castle*, that the next morning will sweate with her busie setting foorth, away will she and her mother, and while their preparation is making, our selues with some two or three other friends will consumate the humble matche, we haue in Gods name concluded.

*Tis to my wish; for I haue often read,*

*Fit birth, fit age, keepes long a quiet bed.*

*Tis to my wish; For Tradesmen (well tis knowne)*

*Get with more ease, then Gentry keepes his owne.*

*Exit.*

*Securitie solus.*

*Secu.* My priuie Guest, lustie *Quickefiluer*, has drunke too deepe of the Bride-boule, but with a little sleepe he is much recouered; And I thinke is making himselfe readie, to bee drunke in a gallanter likenes: My house is as t'were the Caue, where the yong Out-lawe hoords the stolne vayles of his occupation; And here when he will reuell it in his prodigall similitude, he retires to his Trunks, and (I may say softly) his Punks; he dares trust me with the keeping of both: for I am *Securitie* it selfe, my name is *Securitie*, the famous *Vsurer*.

*Enter Quickefiluer in his Prentises Cote and Cap, his gallant Breeches and Stockings, gartering himselfe. Securitie following.*

*Quic.* Come old *Securitie*, thou father of destruction: th'indentted Sheepeskinne is burn'd wherein I was wrapt, and I am now loose, to get more children of perdition into thy vsurous Bonds. Thou feed'st my *Lecherie*, and I thy *Couetousnes*: Thou art *Pandar* to me for my wench, and I to thee for thy coosnages: K. mee, K. thee, runnes through Court and Countrey.

*Secu.* Well said my subtle *Quickefiluer*, These K's ope the doore.

## EASTWARD HOE.

dores to all this worldes felicitie: the dullest forehead seesie.  
 Let not mast. Courtier thinke hee carries all the knauey on his  
 shoulders: I haue knowne poore *Hob* in the countrie, that has  
 worne hob-nayles on's shoes, haue as much villanie in's head,  
 as he that weares gold bottons in's cap.

*Quic.* Why man, tis the London high-way to thrift, if ver-  
 tue beevsde: tis but as a scanpe to the nette of villanie. They  
 that vse it simplie, thriue simplie I warrant: "Waight and  
 fashion makes Goldsmiths Cockolds.

*Enter Syndesie, with Quicke-siluers doublet,  
 Cloake, Rapier, and Dagger.*

*Synd.* Here sir put of the other halfe of your Prentiship.

*Quick.* Well sayd sweet *Syn*: bring forth my braverie.  
 Now let my Truncks shoote foorth their filkes concealde,  
 I now am free; and now will iustifie  
 My Trunkes and Punks: Auant dull Flat-cap then,  
*Via*, the curtaine that shaddowed *Borgia*,  
 There lie thou bucke of my envassail'd State.  
 I *Sampson* now, haue burst the *Philistins* Bands,  
 And in thy lappe my louely *Dalida*,  
 He lie and snore out my enfranchisde state,

*When Sampson was a tall yong man  
 His power and strength increased than,  
 He sould no more, nor cup, nor can,  
 But did them all dispise.*

*Old Touchstone, now wright to thy friends,  
 For one to sell thy base gold ends*

*Quicke-siluer, now no more attends*

*Thee Touchstone.*

But Dad, hast thou scene my running Gelding drest to day?

*Secu.* That I haue *Franck*, the Ostler a'th Cocke, drest him  
 for a Breakefast.

*Quick.* What did he eate him?

*Secu.* No, but he eate his breakefast for dressing him: and so  
 drest him for breakfast.

*Quicke-siluer.* O wittie Age, where age is young in witte,  
 And al youths words haue gray beards full of it!

*Hyn.* But ah-las *Francke*, how will all this bee maintain'd  
 now?

## EASTWARD HOE.

Your place maintain'd it before.

*Quicksilver.* Why and I maintaine my place. He to the Court, another manner of place for maintenance I hope then the silly Cittie. I heard my father say, I heard my mother sing a nolde Song and a true: *Tou art a shee foole, and know'st not what belongs to our male wisedome.* I shall bee a Marchaunt for-sooth: trust my estate in a wooden Trough as hee does? What are these Shippes, but Tennis Balles for the windes to play withall? Tost from one waue to another; Nowe vnder-line; Nowe ouer the house; Sometimes Bricke-wal'd against a Rocke, so that the guttes flye out againe: sometimes strooke vnder the wide Hazzard, and farewell Mas<sup>r</sup>. Marchant.

*Synnedefie.* Well *Francke*, well; the Seas you say are vncertaine: But hee that sayles in your Court Seas, shall finde 'hem tenne times fuller of hazzard; wherein to see what is to bee seene, is torment more then a free Spirite can indure; But when you come to suffer, howe many Iniuries swallowe you? What care and deuotion must you vse, to humour an imperious Lord? proportion your lookes to his lookes? smiles to his smiles? fit your sayles to the winde of his breath?

*Quick.* Tush hee's no Iourney-man in his craft, that can not doe that.

*Synnedefie.* But hee's worse then a Prentise that does it, not onely humouring the Lorde, but euery Trencher-bearer, euery Groome that by indulgence and intelligence crept into his fauour, and by Pandarisme into his Chambers; He rules the roste: And when my honourable Lorde sayes it shall bee thus, my worshipfull Rascall (the Groome of his close stoole) sayes it shall not bee thus, claps the doore after him, and who dares enter? A Prentise, quoth you? tis but to learne to liue, and does that disgrace a man? hee that rises hardly, stands firmly: but hee that rises with ease, Alas, falles as easily.

*Quicksilver.* A pox on you, who taught you this morallitic?

## EASTWARD HOE.

*Securitie.* Tis long of this wittie Age, Maister *Francis*. But indeede, Mistris *Synnedefie*, all Trades complaine of inconuenience, and therefore tis best to haue none. The Marchaunt hee complaines, and sayes, Trafficke is subiect to much vncertaine and losse: let 'hem keepe their goods on dry land with a vengeaunce, and not expose other mens substances to the mercie of the windes, vnder protection of a woolden wall (as Maister *Francis* sayes) and all for greedie desire, to enrich themselues with vnconcionable gaine, two for one, or so: where I, and such other honest men as lue by lending money, are content with moderate profite; Thirtie, or Fortie ith'hundred: so wee may haue it with quietnesse, and out of perill of winde and weather, rather then runne those dangerous courtes of trading, as they doe.

*Quick.* I Dad thou mayst well bee called *Securitie*, for thou takest the safest course.

*Securitie.* Faith the quieter, and the more contented; and, out of doubt, the more godly. For Marchants in their courtes are neuer pleas'd, but euer repining against Heauen: One prayes for a Westerly winde to carry his shippe forth; another for an Easterly to bring his shippe home; and at euery shaking of a leafe, hee falles into an agonie, to thinke what daunger his Shippe is in on such a Coast, and to foorth. The Farmer hee is euer at oddes with the Weather, sometimes the clowdes haue beene too barren; Sometimes the Heauens forgette themselues, their Haruests answere not their hopes; Sometimes the Season falles out too fruitefull, Coine will beare no price, and so foorth. Th'Artificer, hee's all for a stirring worlde, if his Trade bee too tull and fall short of his expectation, then falles he out of ioynt. Where we that trade nothing but money, are free from all this, wee are pleas'd with all weathers; let it raine or hold vp, bee calme or windy, let the season be whatsoever, let Trade goe now it will, wee take all in good part;

## EASTWARD HOE.

een what please the heauens to send vs; so the Sunne stand not still; and the Moone keepe her vsuall returns; and make vp dayes, moneths, and yeares.

*Quick.* And you haue good securitie?

*Secu.* I mary *Francke*, that's the speciall point.

*Quick.* And yet forsooth wee must haue Trades to liue withall; For wee cannot stand without legges, nor flye without wings; and a number of such skurvie phrases. No, I say still; hee that has wit, let him liue by his wit; hee that has none, let him be a Trades-man.

*Secu.* Witty Maister *Francis*!

Tis pittie any Trade should dull that quicke braine of yours. Doe but bring Knight *Petronell* into my Parchment Toyles once. and you shall neuer neede to toyle in any trade, a my credit! You know his wiues Land?

*Quicke siluer.* Euen to a foote Sir, I haue beene often there: a pretie fine Seate, good Land, all intire within it selfe.

*Secu.* Well wooded?

*Quick.* Two hundred pounds woorth of wood readye to sell. And a fine sweete house that stands iust in the midst an'r, like a Pricke in the midst of a Circle; would I were your Farmer, for a hundred pound a yeere.

*Secu.* Excellent M. *Francis*; how I do long to doe thee good: How I doe hunger, and thirst to haue the honour to enrich thee? I, euen to die, that thou mightest inherite my liuing: euen hunger and thirst, - for a my Religion, M. *Francis*. And so tell Knight *Petronell* I doe it to doe him a pleasure.

*Quicke siluer.* Marry Dad, his horses are now comming vp, to beare downe his Ladie, wilt thou lend him thy stable to set 'hem in?

*Secu.* Faith M. *Francis*, I would be lothe to lend my Stable out of doores, in a greater matter I will pleasure him, but not in this.

*Quick.* A pox of your hunger and thirst. Well Dad, let him haue money: All he could any way get, is bestowed on a Ship, now bound for *Virginia*: the frame of which voiage is so closely conuaide, that his new Ladie nor any of her friendes know it. Notwithstanding, as soone as his Ladyes hand is gotten to the  
late.

sale of her inheritance, and you haue furnisht him with money, he will instantly hoyst Saile, and away.

*Secur.* Now a Franck gale of winde goe with him, Maister Franke, we haue too few such knight aduenturers: who would not sell away competent certainties, to purchase (with any danger) excellent vncertainties? your true knight venturer euer does it. Let his wife seale to day, he shall haue his money to day.

*Qui.* To morrow she shall, Dad, before she goes into the coutry, to worke her to which actiō, with the more engines, I purpose presently to preferre my sweete Sinne here, to the place of her Gentlewoman; whom you (for the more credit) shall present as your friends daughter, a Gentlewoman of the countrie, new come vp with a will for a while to learne fashions forsooth, and be toward some Ladie; and she shall buzz prettie deuises into her Ladies eare; feeding her humors so seruiceable (as the manner of such as she is you know.)

*Secur.* True good Maister Fraunces.

*Enter Sindesie.*

*Quic.* That she shall keepe her Port open to any thing she commends to her.

*Secur.* A my religion, a most fashionable proiect; as good she spoile the Lady, as the Lady spoile her; for tis three to one of one side: sweete mistresse Sinne, how are you bound to maister Frances! I doe not doubt to see you shortly wedde one of the head men of our cittie.

*Sinne.* But sweete Franke, when shall my father Securitie present me?

*Quic.* With all festination; I haue broken the Ice to it already; and will presently to the Knights house, whether, my good old Dad, let me pray thee with all formallitie to man her.

*Secur.* Commaund me Maister Frances; I doe hunger and thirst to doe thee seruice. Come sweete Mistresse Sinne, take leaue of my Wynnifride, and we will instantly meete francke Maister Frances at your Ladies.

*Enter Winnifride above.*

*Win.* Where is my Cu there? Cu?

*Secur.* I Winnie.

*Win.* Wilt thou come in, sweete Cu?

## EASTWARD HOE.

*Secur.* I *Wynney*, presently.

*Exeunt.*

*Quic.* I *Wynney*, quod he? thats all he can doe poore man; he may well cut off her name at *Wynney*. O tis an egregious *Pandare*! what will not an vsurous knaue be, so he may bee riche? O tis a notable lewes trump! I hope to lue to see dogs meare made of the old *Vfurers* flesh; Dice of his bones; and *Indentores* of his skinne: and yet his skinne is too thicke to make *Parchment*, 'twould make good *Bootes* for a *Peeter* man to catch *Salmon* in. Your onely smooth skinne to make fine *Vellam* is your *Puritanes* skinne; they be the smoothest and sleekest knaues in a countrie.

*Enter Sir Petronell in Bootes with  
a riding wan.*

*Petr.* Ile out of this wicked towne as fast as my horse can trot: Here's now no good action for a man to spend his time in. *Tauerns* growe dead; *Ordinarie*s are blowne vp; *Playes* are at a stand; *Howses* of *Hospitallitie* at a fall; not a *Feather* wauing, nor a *Spurre* gingling any where: Ile away instantlie.

*Qui.* Y'ad best take some crownes in your purse *Knight*, or else your *Eastward Castle* will smoake but miserably.

*Petr.* O *Francke*! my castle? Alas all the *Castles* I have, are built with ayre, thou know'st.

*Quic.* I know it *Knight*, and therefore wonder whether your *Lady* is going.

*Petr.* Faith to seeke her *Fortune* I thinke. I said I had a castle and land *Eastward*, and *Eastward* she will without contradiction; her coach, and the coach of the *Sunne* must meete full butt: And the *Sunne* being out shined with her *Ladyships* glorie, she feares hee goes *Westward* to hange himselfe.

*Quic.* And I feare, when her enchanted *Castle* becomes invisible, her *Ladyship* will returne and follow his example.

*Petr.* O that the would haue the grace, for I shall neuer be able to pacifie her, when she sees her selfe deceiued so.

*Quic.* As easely as can be. Tell her she mistooke your directions, and that shortly, your selfe will downe with her to approoue it; and then, cloath but her croupper in a new

Gowne,

EASTWARD HOE.

Gowne, and you may driue her any way you list: for these womē Sir, are like Essex Calues, you must wriggle 'hem on by the taylor still, or they will neuer drive orderly.

*Petr.* But alas sweet *Francke*, thou know'st my habilitie will not furnish her bloud with those costly humors.

*Qui.* Cast that cost on me Sir, I haue spoken to my olde *Pandare Securitie*, for money or commoditie; and commoditie (if you will) I know he will procure you.

*Petr.* Commoditie! Alas what commoditie?

*Qui.* Why Sir? what say you to Figges, and Raysons?

*Petr.* A plague of Figges and Raysons, and all such fraile commodities, we shall make nothing of 'hem.

*Qui.* Why then Sir, what say you to Fortie pound in roasted Beefe?

*Petr.* Out vpon't, I haue lesse stomacke to that, then to the Figges and Raysons: Ile out of Towne, though I sojourne with a friend of mine, for staye here I must not; my creditors haue laide to arrest me, and I haue no friend vnder heauen but my Sword to baile me.

*Qui.* Gods me Knight, put 'hem in sufficient sureties, rather then let your Sworde bayle you; Let 'hem take their choice, eyther the *Kings Benche*, or the *Fleete*, or which of the two *Counters* they like best, for by the Lord I like none of 'hem.

*Petr.* Well *Francke* there is no iesting with my earnest necessitie; thou know'st if I make not present money to further my voyage begun, all's lost, and all I haue laid out about it.

*Qui.* Why then Sir in earnest, if you can get your wife Lady to set her hand to the sale of her Inheritance, the bloud hound *Securitie* will smell out ready money for you instantly.

*Petro.* There spake an Angell. To bring her to which conformitie, I must faime my selfe extreamly amorous; and alledging vrgent excuses for my stay, behinde, part with her as passionately, as she would from her toyling hound.

*Qui.* You haue the Sowe by the right eare Sir: I warrant there was neuer Childe longd more to ride a Cock-horse, or weare his new coate, thē she longs to ride in her new Coache:

She

She would long for euery thing when she was a maide ; and now she will runne mad for 'hem : I layc my life she will haue euery yeare foure children ; and what charge and change of humour you must endure while she is with childe ; and how she will tie you to your tackling till she be with child , a Dog would not endure : Nay, there is no Turne-spit Dog bound to his wheele more seruily, then you shall be to her wheele ; For as that Dogge can neuer climbe the top of his wheele, but when the toppe comes vnder him : so shall you neuer clime the top of her contentment, but when she is vnder you.

*Petr.* Slight how thou terrifiest me ?

*Quic.* Nay harke you sir ; what Nurses , what Midwiues, what Fooles, what Phisitions, what cunning women must be sought for (fearing sometimes she is bewicht, some times in a consumption ) to tell her tales, to talke bawdy to her, to make her laughe , to giue her glisters , to let her bloud vnder the tongue , and betwixt the toes ; how she will reuile and kisse you ; spit in your face, and lick it off againe ; how she will vaunt you are her Creature ; shee made you of nothing ; how shee could haue had thousand marke ioyntures ; she could haue bin made a Lady by a Scotche Knight, & neuer ha' married him : Shee could haue had Poynados in her bed euery morning ; how she set you vp , and how she will pull you downe : you'e neuer be able to stand of your legges to endure it.

*Petr.* Out of my fortune, what a death is my life bound face to face too ? The best is, a large *Time-fitted* conscience is bound to nothing : Marriage is but a forme in the Schoole of Policie, to which Schollers sit fastned onely with painted chaines, old *Securities* young wife is nere the further of with me.

*Quic.* Thereby lyes a tale sir. The old vsurer will be here instantly, with my Puncke *Syndesie*, whome you know your Lady has promist mee to entertaine for her Gentlewoman : and he ( with a purpose to feede on you ) inuites you most solemnly by me to supper.

*Petr.* It falls out excellently fitly : I see desire of gaine makes Jealousie venturous :

*Enter Gyrt :*

See *Francke* here comes my Lady : Loid how she viewes thee, she knowes thee not I thinke in this brauerie.

*Gyr.* How now ? who be you I pray ?

*Quick.*

EASTWARD HOE

*Quic.* One maister *Frances Quickefluer*, an't please your Ladiship.

*Gyr.* Gods n.y dignitie! as I am a Lady, if he did not make me blush so that mine eyes stood awater, would I were vnmarried againe: *Enter Securitie and Sindefie.*

Where's my woman I pray?

*Qui.* See Madam, she now comes to attend you.

*Secur.* God saue my honourable Knight, and his worshipfull Lady.

*Gyr.* Y<sup>e</sup> are very welcome! you must not put on your Hat yet.

*Secur.* No Madam; till I know your Ladiships further pleasure, I will not presume.

*Gyr.* And is this a Gentlemans daughter new come out of the countrie?

*Secur.* She is Madam; & one that her Father hath a speciall care to bestowe in some honourable Ladies seruice, to put her out of her honest humours forsooth, for she had a great desire to be a Nun, an't please you.

*Gyr.* A Nun? what Nun? a Nun Substantiue? or a Nun Adiectiue?

*Secur.* A Nun Substantiue Madam I hope, if a Nun be a Noun. But I meane, Lady, a vowd maide of that order.

*Gyr.* Ile teach her to be a maide of the order I warrant you: and can you doe any worke belongs to a Ladyes Chamber?

*Synde.* What I cannot doe, Madam, I would bee glad to learne.

*Gyr.* Well said, hold vp then; hold vp your head I say, come hether a little.

*Synd.* I thanke your Ladiship.

*Gyr.* And harke you; Good man, you may put on your Hatt now, I doe not looke on you: I must haue you of my faction now; not of my Knights, maide.

*Synd.* No forsooth Madam of yours.

*Gyr.* And draw all my seruants in my Bowe, and keepe my counsell, and tell me tales, and put me Riddles, and reade on a booke sometimes when I am busie, and laugh at countrie Gentlewomen, and conmand any thing in the house for my retainers, and care not what you spend, for it is all mine; and in

any case, be still a Maide what soeuer you doe, or whatsoeuer any man can doe vnto you.

*Secur.* I warrant your Ladiship for that.

*Gyr.* Very well, you shall ride in my coach with me into the country to morrow morning; Come Knight, pray thee lets make a short supper, and to bed presently.

*Secur.* Nay good Madam, this night I haue a short Supper at home, waies on his worships acceptation.

*Gyr.* By my faith but he shall not goe Sir; I shall swoune and he sup from me.

*Petr.* Pray thee forbear; shall he lose his prouision?

*Gyr.* I by Lady Sir, rather then I lose my longing; come in I say: as I am a Lady you shall not goe.

*Quic.* I told him what a Burre he had gotten.

*Secur.* If you will not sup from your Knight Madam, let me entreate your Ladiship to sup at my house with him.

*Gyr.* No by my faith Sir, then we cannot be a bed soone enough, after supper.

*Petr.* What a Medicine is this? well Maister *Securitie*, you are new married as well as I; I hope you are bound as well: we must honour our young wiues you know.

*Quic.* In pollicie Dad, till to morrow she has seald.

*Secur.* I hope in the morning yet your Knight-hood will breake-fast with me.

*Petr.* As early as you will Sir.

*Secur.* Thanke your good worship; I do hunger and thirst to do you good Sir.

*Gyr.* Come sweete Knight come, I do hunger and thyrst to be a bed with thee.

*Exeunt.*

### Actus Tertii. Scæna Prima.

*Enter Petronell, Quicksiluer, Securitie, Bramble, and Wynnfrid.*

*Petr.* Thankes for our feastlike Breakefast good Maister *Securitie*, I am sorry, (by reason of my instant haste to so long a voyage as *Virginia*,) I am without meanes, by any kinde amends,

amends to show how affectionately I take your kindnesse, and to confirme by some worthy ceremonie a perpetuall league of friendship betwixt vs.

*Secur.* Excellent Knight; let this be a token betwixt vs of inuolable friendship: I am new married to this fayre Gentlewoman you know; & (by my hope to make her fruitefull though I be something in yeares) I vowe faithfully vnto you, to make you Godfather (though in your absence) to the first childe I am blest withall; and henceforth call me Gossip I beseech you, if you please to accept it.

*Petr.* In the highest degree of gratitude, my most worthy Gossip; for confirmation of which friendly title, let me entreate my faire Gossip your Wife here, to accept this Diamond, and keepe it as my gift to her first Childe, wheresoeuer my Fortune in euent of my Voyage shall bestowe me.

*Secur.* How now my coye wedlock! make you strange of so Noble a fauour? take it I charge you, with all affection, and (by way of taking your leaue) present boldly your lips to our honourable Gossip.

*Quick.* How ventrous he is to him, and how iealous to others!

*Petr.* Long may this kinde touch of our lippes Print in our hearts al the formes of affection. And now my good Gossip, if the writings be ready to which my wife should seale, let them be brought this morning, before she takes Coache into the countrie, and my kindnesse shall worke her to dispatch it.

*Secur.* The writings are ready Sir. My learned counsell here, Maister *Bramble*, the Lawyer hath perusde them; and within this houre, I will bring the Scriuenour with them to your worshipfull Lady.

*Petr.* Good Maister *Bramble*, I will here take my leaue of you then; God send you fortunate Pleas fir, and contentious Clients.

*Bram.* And you foreright windes Sir, and a fortunate voyage. *Exit.* *Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Sir *Petronell*, here are three or foure Gentlemen desire to speake with you.

## EASTWARD HOE.

*Pet.* What are they?

*Qui.* They are your followers in this voyage Knight, Captaine *Seagull* and his associates, I met them this morning, and told them you would be here.

*Pet.* Let them enter I pray you, I know they long to bee gone, for their stay is dangerous.

*Enter Seagull, Scapethrift, and Spendall.*

*Sea.* God saue my honourable Collonell.

*Pet.* Welcome good Captaine *Seagull*, and worthy Gentlemen, if you will meete my friend *Francke* here, and me, at the blew Anchor Tauerne by Billingsgate this Euening, we will there drinke to our happy voyage, be merry, and take Boate to our Ship with all expedition.

*Spoyl.* Deferre it no longer I beseech you Sir, but as your voyage is hetherto carried closely, and in another Knights name, so for your owne safetie and ours, let it be continued, our meeting and speedy purpose of departing knowne to as few as is possible, least your Ship and goods be attacht.

*Qui.* Well aduisd Captaine, our Collonell shall haue money this morning to dispatch all our departures, bring those Gentlemen at night to the place appointed, and with our skinnes full of vintage, wee take occasion by the vantage, and away.

*Spoyl.* We will not faile but be there sir.

*Pet.* Good morrow good Captaine, and my worthy associates. Health and all Soueraigntie to my beautifull gossip, for you sir, we shall see you presently with the writings.

*Secur.* With writings and crownes to my honorable gossip:  
*I do hunger and thirst to doe you good sir.* *Exeunt.*

### Actus tertii. Scena Secunda.

*Enter a Coachman in hast in's frock feeding.*

*Coach.* Heer's a stirre when Cittizens ride out of Towne indeed, as if all the house were a fire: Slight they will not giue a man leaue, to eat's breakfast afore he rises.

*Enter*

EASTWARD HOE.

*Enter Hamlet a footeman in haste.*

*Ham.* What Coachman? my Ladyes Coach for shame; her Ladiships ready to come downe;

*Enter Potkinn, a Tankerd bearer.*

*Pot.* Sfoote Hamlet; are you madde? whether run you now you should bruise vp my olde Mistresse?

*Enter Syndefye.*

*Synd.* What *Potkinn*? you must put off your Tankerd, and put on your blew cote and waite vpon *Mistresse Toochstone* into the country. *Exit.*

*Pot.* I will forsooth presently. *Exit.*

*Enter Mistresse Fond, and Mistresse Gazer.*

*Fond.* Come sweete *Mistresse Gazer*, lets watch here, and see my Lady *Flashe* take coach.

*Gaz.* A my word heer's a most fine place to stand in, did you see the new Ship lanch: last day *Mistresse Fond*.

*Fond.* O God, and we cittizens should loose such a sight?

*Gaz.* I warrant, here will be double as many people to see her take coach, as there were to see it take water.

*Fond.* O thee's married to a most fine Castle 'ith' countrey they say?

*Gaz.* But there are no Gyants in the Castle, are there?

*Fond.* O no, they say her Knight kild' hem all and therefore he was knighted.

*Gaz.* Would to God her Ladiship would come away.

*Enter Gyr. Mistris. Tooch. Synd. Ham. Por.*

*Fond.* She comes, she comes, she comes.

*Gaz. Fond.* Pray heauen blesse your Ladiship.

*Gyr.* Thanke you good people; my coach for the loue of Heauen, my coach? in good truth I shall swoune else.

*Ham.* Coach? coach, my Ladies coach. *Exit.*

*Gir.* As I am a Lady, I thinke I am with child already, I long for a coach so; may one be with childe afore they are married Mother?

*Mist. Tooch* I by'rladie Madam, a little thing does that; I haue seene a little prick no bigger then a pins head, swell bigger and bigger, til it has come to an *Ancome*; & eene so tis in these cases.

*Enter Ham.**Ham.* Your Coach is comming, Madam.*Gyr.* That's well said; Now heauenline thinks, I am eene vp to the knees in preferment;*But a little higher, but a little higher, but a little higher,  
There, there, there lyes Cupids fire.**Mist. Touch.* But must this young man, an't please you Madam, run by your coach all the way a foote?*Gyr.* I by my faith I warrant him, he giues no other milke, as I haue an other seruant does.*Mist. Touch.* Ahlas! tis eene pittie me thinks; for Gods sake Madam buy him but a Hobbie horse, let the poore youth haue something betwixt his legges to ease 'hem; Ahlas! we must do as we would be done too;*Gyr.* Goe too, hold your peace dame, you ta'ke like an olde foole I tell you.*Enter Petr. and Quicksilver.**Pet.* Wilt thou be gone, sweete Honny suckle, before I can goe with thee?*Gyr.* I pray thee sweete Knight let me; I do so long to dresse vp thy castle afore thou com'st: But I marle how e my modest Sister occupies her selfe this morning, that shee can not waite on me to my Coach, as well as her mother!*Quick.* Mary Madam, shee's married by this time to Prentise Goulding; your Father, and some one more, stole to Church with 'hem, in all the haste, that the cold mear left at your wedding, might serue to furnish their Nuptiall table.*Gyr.* There's no base fellowe, my Father, nowe: but hee's eene fit to Father such a Daughter: he must call me daughter no more now; but Madam; and please you Madam: and please your worship Madam, indeede; out vpon him, marry his daughter to a base Prentise?*Mist. Touch.* What should one doe? is there no lawe for one that marries a womans daughter against her will? howe shall we punish him Madam.*Gyr.* As I am a Lady, an't would snowe, wee'd so peble 'hem with snowe bals as they come from Church; but sirra, Franck*Quicksilver.**Quick.* I Madam.*Gyr.*

*Gir.* Dost remember since thou and I clapt what d'ye' calts in the Garrat?

*Quick.* I know not what you meane Madam.

*Gyr.* His head as white as mylke,

All flaxen was his haire :

But now he is dead,

And laid in his Bedd,

And neuer will come againe. God be at your labour.

*Enter Touch. Gould. Mild. with Rosemary.*

*Pet.* Was there euer such a Lady ?

*Quic.* See Madam, the Eride and Bridegrome:

*Gyr.* Gods my precious ! God giue you ioy Mistrisse *What lacke you.* Now out vpon thee Baggage; my sister married in a Taffeta Hat? Mary hang you; Westward with a waniō te' yee; Nay I haue done we'ye Minion thē y'faith, neuer looke to haue my countuance any more: nor any thing I can do for thee. Thou ride in my Coach? or come downe to my Castle? fie vpon thee: I charge thee in my Ladiships name, call me Sister no more.

*Touch.* An't please your worship, this is not your Sister: This is my daughter, and she call me Father, and so does not your Ladiship an't please your worship Madam.

*Mist. Touch.* No nor she must not call thee Father by *Heraldrie*, because thou mak'st thy Prentise thy Sonne as wel as she; Ah thou misproude Prentise, dar'st thou presume to marry a Ladies Sister?

*Gou.* It pleas'd my Master forsooth to embolden me with his fauour: And though I con'esse my selfe farre vnworthie so worthy a wife (beeing in part, her seruant, as I am your Prentise) yet (since I may say it without boasting) I am borne a Gentleman, and by the Trade I haue learn'd of my Master (which I trust taints not my blood) able with mine owne Industrie and portion to maintaine your daughter, my hope is, heauen will so blesse our humble beginning, that in the end I shalbe no disgrace to the grace with which my Master hath bound me his double Prentise.

*Touch.* Master me no more Sonne if thou think'st me worthy to be thy father.

Cry. Sunne? Now good Lord how he shines and you marke him! hee's a gentleman.

Gon. I inleede Madam, a Gentleman borne.

Pet. Neuer stand a' your Gentye M. Bridgegrome: if your legges be no better then your Armes, you'll be able to stand vpon neither shortly.

Touch. An' please your good worshippe Sir, there are two sorts of Gentlemen.

Pet. What meane you Sir?

Touch. Bold to put off my hat to your worshippe.

Pet. Nay pray torbeare Sir, and then forth with your two sorts of Gentlemen.

Touch. If your worship will haue it so? I saye there are two sorts of Gentlemen. There is a Gentleman Artificiall, and a gentleman Naturall; Now, though your worship be a Gentleman Naturall: *Worke vpon that now.*

Quick. Well said olde Touchstone, I am proude to heare thee enter a set speech yfaith, forth I beseech thee.

Touch. Cry you mercie Sir, your worship's a Gentleman, I doe not know? if you bee one of my acquaintance y'are very much disguisde Sir.

Quick. Go too old Quipper: forth with thy speech I say.

Touch. What Sir, my speeches were euer in vaine to your gracious worship: And therefore till I speake to you gallantry in deed, I will saue my breath for my broth anon. Come my poore sonne and daughter; Let vs hide our selues in our poore humilitie and liue safe: Ambition consumes it selfe, with the very show. *Worke vpon that now.*

Gyr. Let him goe, let him goe for Gods sake: let him make his Prentise, his sonne for Gods sake: giue away his daughter for Gods sake: and when they come a begging to vs for Gods sake, let's laugh at their good husbandry for Gods sake. Farewell sweet Knight, pray thee make haste after.

Pet. What shall I say? I would not haue thee goe,

Quick. Now, O now, I must depart;

Parting though it absence moue,

This Dittie knight, doe I see in thy lookes in *Capital Letters.*

*What a grief tis to depart, and leaue the flower that has my hart?*

*My sweete Ladie, and alacks for woe, why should we part so?*

Tell truth Knight, and shame all dissembling Louers; does not your paine lye on that side?

*Pet.* If it doe, canst thou tell me how I may cure it?

*Quick.* Excellent easily; diuide your selfe in two halfes, iust by the girdlestead; send one halfe with your Lady, and keepe the tother your selfe: or else doe as all true Louers doe, part with your heart and leaue your bodie behinde: I haue scen't done a hundred times: Tis as easie a matter for a Louer to part without a heart from his sweete heart, and he nere the worse: as for a Mouse to get from a Trappe and leaue her taile behinde him. See here comes the Writings.

*Enter Securitie with a Scriuener.*

*Secu.* Good morrow to my worshipfull Ladie. I present your Ladishippe with this writing; to which if you please to set your hand, with your Knights, a veluet Gowne shall attend your iourney a my credite.

*Gir.* What Writing is it Knight?

*Petrenell.* The sale (sweete heart) of the poore Tenement I tolde thee off, onely to make a little money to sende thee downe furniture for my Castle, to which my hand shall lead thee.

*Gyr.* Very well: Now giue me your Pen I pray.

*Qui.* It goes downe without chewing y<sup>e</sup> faith.

*Scriue.* Your worships deliuer this as your deede?

*Ambo.* Wee doe.

*Gyr.* So now Knight farewell till I see thee.

*Pet.* All farewell to my sweet heart.

*Mistris Touch.* God-boye, sonne Knight.

*Pet.* Farewell my good Mother.

*Gyr.* Farewell *Francke*, I would faine take thee downe if I could.

*Quicke siluer.* I thanke your good Ladiship; Farewell Mistris Syndisie.

*Exeunt.*

*Pet.* O tedious Voyage, whereof there is no ende! What will they thinke of me?

*Quick.* I thinke what they list; They long'd for a vagarie into the Countie, and now they are fitted: So a woman marry to ride in a Coach, she cares not if she ride to her Ruine; Tis the great ende of many of their mariages: This is not first time a

Lady has ridde a false iournie in her Coach I hope.

*Pet.* Nay, tis no Matter, I care little what they thinkees hee that wayes mens thoughts, has his handes full of nothing : A man in the course of this worlde should bee like a Surgeons instrument, worke in the woundes of others, and feele nothing himselfe. The sharper, and subcler, the better.

*Quickefiluer.* As it falles out nowe Kinght, you shall not neede to deuise excuses, or endure her out-cryes, when shee returns; wee shall now bee gone before, where they can not reache vs.

*Petronell.* Well my kinde *Compere*, you haue now Th'assurance we both can make you; let mee now entreate you, the money wee agree'd on may bee brought to the *Bleme Ancor*, nere to *Billings-gate*, by Six a Clocke: where I and my cheife friends, bound for this voyadge, will with Feastes attend you.

*Secu.* The money my most honorable *Compere*, shall without fayle obierue your appointed howre.

*Pet.* Thankes my deare *Gossip*, I must now impart  
 To your approoued loue, a louing secret:  
 As one on whome my life doth more relie  
 In friendly trust, then any man alieue.  
 Nor shall you be the chosen Secretarie  
 Of my affections, for affection onely;  
 For I protest, (if God blesse my returne,)  
 To make you Partner, in my actions gaine  
 As deeply, as if you had ventur'd with me  
 Halfe my expences. Know then, honest *Gossip*,  
 I haue inioyed with such diuine contentment,  
 A Gentlewomans Bedde, whome you well knowe,  
 That I shall nere enjoy this tedious Voiage,  
 Nor liue the lest part of the time it asketh,  
 Without her presence; So *I thirst and hunger!*  
 To taste the deare feast of her companie.  
 And if the *hunger* and the *thirst* you vow  
 (As my sworne *Gossip*) to my wished good  
 Be (as I knowe it is) vnfainde and firme,  
 Doe mee an easie fauour in your Power.

*Secur.* Bee sure braue *Gossip*, all that I can doe

EASTWARD HOE.

To my best Nerue, is wholly at your seruice :  
Who is the woman (first) that is your friend?

*Pet.* The woman is your learned Counsailes wife,  
The Lawyer Maister *Bramble*: whome would you,  
Bring out this Euen, in honest Neighbour-hood  
To take his leaue with you, of me your *Gossip*.  
I, in the meane time, will send this my friende  
Home to his house, to bring his wife disguis'd  
Before his face, into our companie:  
For Loue hath made her looke for such a wile,  
To free her from his tyranous Ielosie.  
And I would take this course before another:  
In stealing her away to make vs sport,  
And gull his circumspection the more grosely.  
And I am sure that no man like your selfe,  
Hath credite with him to entice his Ielosie,  
To so long stay abroad, as may giue time  
To her enlardgment, in such safe disguise.

*Secu.* A prettie, pithie, and most pleasant proiect!  
Who would not straine a point of Neigh-bourhood,  
For such a point, de-vice? that as the shippe  
Of famous *Draco*, went about the world,  
Will wind about the Lawyer, compassing,  
The world him selfe, he hath it in his armes:  
And that's enough, for him, without his wife.  
A Lawyer is Ambitious, and his head,  
Can not bee prais'd'e, nor rais'de too high,  
With any Forcke, of highest knaucrye.  
He goe fetche her straight.

*Exit Securitie.*

*Per.* So, so, Now Franke goe thou home to his house,  
Stead of his Lawyers, and bring his wife hether:  
Who iust like to the Lawyers wife, is prison'd,  
With eis sterne vsurous Ielosie which could neuer  
Be ouer reacht-thus, but with ouer-reaching. *Enter Securitie.*

*Secu.* And *M. Francis*, watch you th' instant time  
To *Enter* with his *Exit*: it wilbe rare,  
To finde horn'd Beastes! A Cammell and a Lawyer?

*Quicke siluer.* How the olde villaine ioyes in villany?

*Enter Secur.*

EASTWARD HOE.

And harken you Gossip, when you haue her here,  
Haue your Bote ready, shippe her to your Ship  
With vtmost haste, lest Maister *Bramble* stay you,  
To o're reach that head that outreacheth all heads?  
Tis a trick Rampant; Tis a very Quiblyn;  
I hope this earnest, to pitch cart with Lawyers;  
Their heads will be so forked; *This flie tooche*  
*Will get Apes to inuent a number such.* Exit.

*Quick.* Was euer Rascall, honied so with poyson?

*He that delights in slavish Avarice*

*Is apt to ioy in euery sort of vice.*

Wel, ile goe fetch his wife, whilst he the Lawyers.

*Pet.* But stay Franck, lets thinke how we may disguise her  
vpon this sodaine.

*Quick.* Gods me there's the mischief; but harken you, here's  
an excellent deuice; fore God a Rare one: I will carry her a  
Saylers gowne and cap and couer her; & a players beard;

*Pet.* And what vpon her head?

*Quick.* I tell you a Sailers Cap: slight God forgiue mee, what  
kind of figent memorie haue you?

*Pet.* Nay then, what kinde of figent wit hast thou?

A Saylers cap? how shall she put it off

When thou presentst her to our companie?

*Quick.* Tush man, for that, make her a sawcie sayler.

*Pet.* Tush tush tis no fit sawce for such sweete mutton; I  
know not what t'aduise.

*Enter Secur. with his wiues gowne.*

*Secur.* Knight, knight a rare deuise.

*Pet.* Sownes yet againe.

*Quick.* What stratagem haue you now?

*Secur.* The best that euer. You talkt of disguising?

*Pet.* I mary Gossip thats our present care.

*Secur.* Cast care a way then, here's the best deuice

For plaine *Security* (for I am no better)

I think that euer liu'd: here's my wiues gowne

Which you may put vpon the Lawyers wife,

And which I brought you fir for two great reasons;

One is, that Maister *Bramble* niay take hold

Of some suspicion that it is my wife,

EASTWARD HOE

And gird me so perhaps with his law wit,  
The other (which is pollicie indeede)  
Is, that my wife may now be tyed at home,  
Hauing no more but her old gowne abroad,  
And not shoue me a quirck, while I fyrke others.  
Is not this rare?

*Anso.* The best that euer shas.

*Secur.* Am I not borne to furnish Gentlemen?

*Pet.* O my deare Gossip!

*Secur.* Well hold Maister *Francis*, watch when the Lawyer's  
out, and put it in: And now--I will go fetch him, *Exit.*

*Quick.* O my Dad! he goes as<sup>r</sup>twere the Deuill to fetch the  
Lawyer; and deuill shall he be if hornes wil make him.

*Pet.* why how now Gossip, why stay you there musing?

*Secur.* A toye, a toy runns in my head yfaith.

*Quick.* A pox of that head, is there more toyes yet?

*Pet.* What is it pray thee Gossip?

*Secur.* Why Sir? what if you should slip away now with my  
wiues best gowne, I hauing no securitie for it?

*Quick.* For that I hope Dad you will take our words.

*Secur.* I by th' masse your word thats a proper staffe

For wise Security to leane vpon;

But tis no matter, once ile trust my Name,

On your crackt credits, let it take no shame,

Fetch the wench Franck. *Exit.*

*Quick.* Ile wait vpon you sir.

And fetch you ouer, you were nere so fetcht:

Go, to the Tauerne Knight, your followers-

Dare not be drunke I thinke, before their Captaine. *Exit.*

*Pet.* Would I might lead them to no hotter seruise,  
Till our *Virginian* gould were in our purses *Exit.*

*Enter Scagull Spendall and Scapthrift in the  
Tauerne with a Drawer.*

*Sea.* Come Drawer, pierce your neatest Hogshedes, & lets  
haue cheare, not fit for your Billingsgate Tauerne, bnt for our  
*Virginian Colonel*; he wilbe here instantly.

*Draw.* You shall haue all things fit sir; please you haue any  
more Wine.

## EASTWARD HOE.

*Spend.* More wine Slaue ? whether we drinke it or no, spill it, and drawe more.

*Scap.* Fill all the pottes in your house with all sorts of licour, and let 'hem waite on vs here like Souldiers in their Pewter, coates ; And though we doe not employe them now, yet wee will maintaine 'hem, till we doe.

*Draw.* Said like an honourable Captaine ; you shall haue all you can command Sir. *Exit Drawer.*

*Sea.* Come boyes, *Virginia* longs till we share the rest of her Maiden-head,

*Spend.* Why is she inhabited already with any *English* ?

*Sea.* A whole Contry of English is there man, bred of those that were left there in 79. They haue married with the Indians, and make 'hem bring forth as beautifull faces as any we haue in England : and therefore the Indians are so in loue with 'hem, that all the treasure they haue, they lay at their feete.

*Scap.* But is there such treasure there Captaine, as I haue heard ?

*Sea.* Itell thee, Golde is more plentifull there then Copper is with vs : and for as much redde Copper as I can bring, Ile haue thrice the waight in Golde. Why man all their dripping Pans, and their Chamber pottes are pure Gold ; and all the Chaines, with which they chaine vp their streetes, are massie Golde ; all the Prisoners they take, are fetterd in Gold : and for Rubies and Diamonds, they goe forth on holydayes and gather 'hem by the Sea-shore, to hang on their childrens Coates, and sticke in their Capps, as commonly as our children weare Saffron guilt Brooches, and groates with hoales in 'hem.

*Scap.* And is it a pleasant Countrie withall ?

*Sea.* As euer the Sunne shinde on : temperate and full of all sorts of excellent viands ; wilde Boare is as common there, as our tamest Bacon is here : Venison, as Mutton. And then you shall liue freely there, without Sargeants, or Courtiers, or Lawyers, or Intelligencers. Then for your meanes to aduancement, there, it is simple, and not preposterously

roufully mixt: You may be an Alderman there, and neuer be Scauinger; you may be any other officer, and neuer be a Slaue. You may come to preferment enough, and neuer be a *Pandar*. To Riches and Forune inough and haue neuer the more Villany, nor the lesse wit. Besides, there, we shall haue no more Law then Conscience, and not too much of either; serue God inough, eate and drinke inough, and *inough is as good as a Feast*.

*Spend.* Gods me! and how farre is it thether?

*Sea.* Some six weekes sayle, no more, with any indifferent good winde: And if I get to any part of the coaste of *Affrica*, Ile faile thether with any winde. Or when I come to *Cape Finister*, ther's a foreight winde continuall wafts vs till we come at *Virginia*. See, our *Collonell's* come.

*Enter Sir Petronell with his Followers.*

*Petr.* Well mette good *Captaine Seagull*, and my Noble Gentlemen! Nowe the sweete houre of our freedome is at hand.

Come *Drawer*. Fill vs some carowfes; and prepare vs for the mirth, that will be occasioned presently: Here will be a prety wenche Gentlemen, that will beare vs company all our voyage.

*Sea.* Whatsoeuer she be; here's to her health Noble *Collonell*, both with Cap and Knee.

*Petr.* Thankes kinde *Captaine Seagull*. Shee's one I loue dearely; and must not bee knowne till wee bee free from all that knowe vs: And so Gentlemen, heer's to her health.

*Ambo.* Let it come worthy *Collonell*, *Wee doe hunger and thirst for it*,

*Petr.* Afore heauen, you haue hitte the phrase of one that her presence will touch, from the foote to the forehead, if ye knew it.

*Spend.* Why then we wil ioyne his forehead, with her health, fir: and *Captaine Scapethrift*, here's to 'hem both,

*Enter*

EASTWARD HOE.

*Enter Securitie and Bramble.*

*Secu.* See, see, Maister *Bramble*; fore heauen their voyage cannot but prosper, they are o'their knees for successe to it.

*Bram.* And they pray to God *Bacchus*.

*Secu.* God saue my braue Colonell with all his tall Captaines and Corporalls; see sir, my worshipfull learned Counsaile, *M. Bramble*, is come to take his leaue of you.

*Pet.* Worshipfull *M. Bramble*, how farre doe you draw vs into the sweete bryer of your kindnesse? come Captain *Seagull*, another health to this rare *Bramble*, that hath neuer a pricke about him.

*Sea.* I pledge his most smooth disposition fir: come maister *Securitie*, bend your supporters, and pledge this notorious health here.

*Secu.* Bend you yours likewise, *M. Bramble*, for it is you shal pledge me.

*Sea.* Not so, *M. Securitie*, hee must not pledge his owne health.

*Secu.* No Maister Captaine?

*Enter Quicksiluer with Winny disguis'd.*

Why then here's one is fitly come to doe him that honour.

*Quick.* Here's the Gentlewoman your cosin sir, whom with much entreatie I haue brought to take her leaue of you in a *Tauernes* asham'd whereof, you must pardon her if she put not off her Maske.

*Pet.* Pardon mee sweete Cosen, my kinde desire to see you before I went, made mee so importunate to entreat your presence here.

*Secu.* How now *M. Frances*? haue you honour'd this presence with a faire Gentlewoman?

*Quick.* Pray sir, take you no notice of her, for she will not be knowne to you.

*Secu.* But my learn'd Counsaile, *M. Bramble* here, I hope may know her.

*Quick.* No more then you sir, at this time, his learning must pardon her.

*Secu.* Well, God pardon her for my part, and I doe Ile bee sworne:

EASTWARD HOE.

sworne; and so Maister *Francis*, here's to all that are going Eastward to night, towards *Cuckolds hauen*; and so to the health of Maister *Bramble*.

*Quick*. I pledge it Sir, hath it gone rounde, Captaines?

*Sea*. It has sweet *Franck*, and the rounde closes with thee.

*Quic*. Wel Sir, here's to al Eastward & toward *Cuckolds*, & so to famouse *Cuckolds hauen* so fatally remembered. *Surgit*.

*Pet*. Nay pray thee Cuz weepe not; Gossip *Securitie*?

*Secu*. I my braue Gossip.

*Pet*. A word I beseech you Sir; our friende, *Mistresse Bramble* here, is so dissolu'd in teares, that shee drownes the whole mirth of our meeting: sweete Gossip, take her aside and comfort her.

*Secu*. Pittie of all true loue, *Mistresse Bramble*, what weepe you to enioy your loue? whats the cause *Ladie*? ist because your husband is so neere, and your heart earnes, to haue a litle abus'd him? Ahlas, Ahlas, the offence is too common to be respected; So great a grace, hath seldome chanc'd to so vnthankfull a woman; to be rid of an old ielous Dotard; to enioy the armes, of a loning young Knight; that when your prick-lesse *Bramble* is withered with griefe of your losse, will make you flourish a fresh in the Bed of a *Ladie*.

*Enter Drawer*.

*Draw*. Sir *Petronell*, here's one of your water men come to tell you, it wil be flood these three houres; and that t'will bee dangerous going against the Tyde: for the skie is ouer cast, & there was a Porcpisce, euen now seene at Londõ bridge, which is alwaies the messenger of tempests, he sayes.

*Pet*. A Porcpisce? whats that to th'purpose? charge him if he loue his life to attend vs: can we not reach *Blacke wall* (where my ship lyes) against the tide, and in spight of Tempests? Captaines and Gentlemen, wee'll begin a new ceremony at the beginning of our voyage, which I beleeuẽ will be followd of all future aduenturers.

*Sea*. Whats that good *Colonell*?

*Pet*. This, *Captaine Seagull*; wee'll haue our prouided Supper brought a bord Sir *Francis Drakes* Ship, that hath compass't the world: where with full Cupps, and Banquets we wil doe sacrifice for a prosperous voyage. My minde giues me that some

EASTWARD HOE.

good Spirits of the waters should haunt the desert ribs of her; and be auspicious to all that honour her memorie, and will with like Orgies, enter their voyages.

*Sea.* Rarely conceited; one health more to this motion, & aboard to performe it. He that wil not this night be drunke, may he neuer be Sober.

*They compasse in Wynnifrid, daunce the dronken round, and drinke carowfes.*

*Bram.* Sir *Petronell*, and his honourable Captaines, in these young seruices, we olde Seruitors may bee spard: We onely came to take our leaues, and with one health to you all, Ile be bold to do so. Here neighbour *Securitie*, to the health of Sir *Petronell*, and all his Captaines.

*Secu.* You must bend then Maister *Bramble*; So, now I am for you: I haue one corner of my braine, I hope, fit to beare one carouse more. Here Lady, to you that are encompast there, & are asham'd of our company. Ha, ha, ha, by my troth, (my learn'd counsaile Maister *Bramble*) my minde runnes so of *Cuckolds-hauen* to night, that my Head runnes ouer with admiration.

*Bram.* But is not that your wife, Neighbour?

*Secu.* No by my troth Maister *Bramble*; ha, ha, ha, a Pox of all *Cuckolds-hauens* I say. (wiues.)

*Bram.* A my faith, her garments are exceeding like your

*Secu.* *Cucullus non facit Monachum*, my learn'd Counsaile; all are not Cuckolds that seeme so, nor all seeme not that are so. Giue me your hand, my learn'd Counsaile, you and I will Supp some where else, then at Sir *Frances Drakes* Shipp to night. Aduie my Noble Gossip.

*Bram.* Good Fortune braue Captaines; faire skies God send yee.

*Omnes.* Farewell my harts, farewell.

*Pet.* Gossip, laugh no more at *Cuckolds-hauen* Gossip.

*Secu.* I haue done, I haue done Sir, will you leade Maister *Bramble*? ha, ha, ha.

*Pet.* Captaine *Seagull*, charge a boate.

*Omnes.* A Boate, a boate, a boate.

*Exeunt.*

*Draw.* Y'are in a proper taking indeede to take a Boate, especially at this time of night, and against Tide and Tempest; They say yet, *drunken men neuer take harme*; this night will

trie

## EASTWARD HOE.

erie the truth of that Prouerbe.

Exit.

*Enter Securitie.*

*Secu.* What *Winnie*? Wife, I say? out of dores at this time! where should I seeke the Gad-flye? *Billingsgate*, *Billingsgate*, *Billingsgate*. Shee's gone with the Knight, shee's gone with the Knight; woe be to thee *Billingsgate*. A boate, a boate, a boate, a full hunderd Markes for a boate. *Exit.*

### Actus Quartus.    Scena Prima.

*Enter Slitgut, with a paire of Oxe hornes, discovering Cuckolds-Hauen aboue.*

*Slit.* All haile, faire Hauen of married men onely, for there are none but married men Cuckolds. For my part, I presume not to arriue here, but in my Maisters behalfe, (a poore Butcher of East-cheape) who sends me to set vp (in honour of Saint *Luke*) these necessãrie Ensignes of his homage: And vp I got this morning, thus early, to get vp to the toppe of this famous Tree, that is all fruite and no leaues, to aduance this Crest of my Maisters occupation. Vp then, Heauen and Saint *Luke* blesse me, that I be not blowne into the *Thames* as I clime, with this furious Tempest; Slight, I thinke the Deuill be abroad, in likenesse of a storme, to rob me of my Hornes: Harke how he roares. Lord! what a coyle the *Thames* keeps! she beares some vniust burthen I belecue, that she kicks and curuets thus to cast it: Heauen blesse all honest passengers, that are vpon her back now, for the Bitte is out of her mouth I see, and shee will runne away with hem. So, so, I thinke I haue made it looke the right way, it runnes against London-Bridge (as it were) euen full butt. And now, let mee discover from this loftie prospect, what pranckes the rude *Thames* playes in her desperate lunacie. O me, here's a Boate has beene cast away hard by. Alas, alas, See one of her passengers, labouring for his life, to land at this Hauen here; pray heauen he may recouer it: His next land is euẽ iust vnder me; hold out yet a little: whatsoeuer thou art, pray, and take a good heart to thee. Tis a man, take a mans heart to thee; yet a little further, get vp a thy legges man: now, tis

EASTWARD HOE.

shallowe enough. So, so, so! Alas, hee's downe againe; hold thy winde Father: tis a man in a Night-cappe. So! now hee's got vp againe: now hee's past the worst: yet thankes be to heauen; he comes toward me pretie and strongly.

*Enter Securitie without his hat, in an  
Night-cap, wett, band, &c.*

*Secu.* Heauen, I beseech thee, how haue I offended thee! where am I cast a shore nowe, that I may goe a righter way home by land? Let me see. O I am scarce able to looke about me! where is there any Sea-marke that I am acquainted withall?

*Slit.* Looke vp Father, are you acquainted with this Marke?

*Secu.* What! landed at *Cuckolds haue*? Hell and damnation. I will runne backe and drowne my selfe. § *He falles downe.*

*Slit.* Poore man how weake hee is! the weake water ha's washt away his strength.

*Sec.* Landed at *Cuckolds haue*? if it had not bin to die twentie times a liue, I should neuer haue scapt death: I will neuer arise more: I will grouell here, and eate durt till I be choak't: I will make the gentle earth doe that, which the cruell water ha's denied me.

*Slit.* Alas good father, be not so desperate; Rise man: if you will, Ile come presently and lead you home.

*Secu.* Home? shall I make any know my Home, that has knowne me thus abrode? how lowe shall I crouch away, that no eye may see mee? I will creepe on the earth while I liue, and neuer looke heauen in the face more. § *Exit creep.*

*Slit.* What yong *Plasnet* raignes now troe, that olde men are so foolish? What desperate yong Swaggerer would haue bin a-broad such a wether as this, vpon the water? Ay me, see a nother remnant of this vnfortunate ship-wreck! or some other. A woman! yfaith, a woman, though it be almost at *S. Kath'rins*, I discern it to be a woman for al her bodie is about the water, & her clothes swim about her most handsomely. O they beare her vp most brauely! has not a woman reason to loue the taking vp of her clothes the better while she liues, for this? Alas, how busie the rude *Thames* is about her? A pox a' that waue. It wil drowne her, yfaith, twill drowne her. Crie God mercie, shee has scapt it! I thanke heauen shee has scapt it. O, how she swimmes like a

Mer-

EASTWARD HOE.

Mermaide ! some vigilant body looke out, and saue her. That's well said, iust *where the Priest fell in*, there's one sets downe a Ladder, and goes to take her vp : Gods blessing a thy heart boy, now take her vp in thy armes and to bedde with her. Shee's vp, shee's vp ! Shee's a beautifull woman I warrant her, the Billowes durst not deuoure her.

*Ester the Drawer in the Tauerne  
before with Wynnyfrid.*

*Draw.* How fare you now Lady?

*Wynn.* Much better, my good friende then I wishe : as one desperate of her Fame, now my Life is preferu'd.

*Draw.* Comfort your selfe ; That power that preserued you from death : can likewise defend you from infamie, howsoeuer you deserue it. Were not you one that tooke Bote, late this night, with a Knight, and other Gentlemen at *Billings-gate*?

*Wynn.* Vnhappy that I am, I was.

*Draw.* I am glad it was my good happe to come downe thus farte after you, to a house of my friends heere in *S. Kath'rines*, since I am now happily made a meane to your rescue, from the ruthlesse tempest; which (when you tooke Bote) was so extreame, and the Gentleman that brought you forth, so desperate and vnsober, that I fear'd long ere this I should heare of your ship-wracke, and therefore (with little other reason) made thus farte this way : And this I must tell you, since perhappes you may make vse of it, there was left behinde you at our Tauerne, brought by a Porter (hyr'd by the yong Gentleman that brought you) a Gentle womans Gowne, Hat, Stockings, and Shooes; which if they be yours, and you please to shift you, taking a hard bed here, in this house of my friend, I will presently goe fetch you.

*Wynn.* Thanks my good friend, for your more then good newes. The Gowne with all things bounde with it are myne; which if you please to fetch as you haue promist, I will bouldly receiue the kinde fauour you haue offered, ull your returne : intreating you, by all the good you haue done in preseruing me hitherto, to let none take knowledge of what fauour you doe me, or where such a one as I am bestowed, lest you incurre mee much more damage in my fame, then you haue done me pleasure in preseruing my life.

*Draw.* Come in Lady, and shift your selfe; resolute, that nothing but your owne pleasure, shall bee vsde in your discouery.

*Wynn.* Thanke you good friende: the time may come, I shall requite you.

*Exeunt.*

*Slit.* See, see, see! I hold my life, there's some other a taking vp at *Wapping*, now! Looke, what a sort of people cluster about the Gallows there! in good troth it is so. O me! a fine yong Gentleman! What? and taken vp at the Gallowes? Heauen graunt he be not one day taken downe there: A, my life it is ominous. Well, hee is deliuered for the time, I see the people haue all left him; yet will I keepe my prospect a while, to see if any more haue bin shipwrackt.

*Enter Quick, bareheaded.*

*Quick.* Accur'st, that euer I was sau'd, or borne.

How fatall is my sad ariuall here?

As if the *Starres*, and *Providence* spake to mee,

And sayd, the drift of all vnlawfull courses,

(What euer ende they dare propose themselues,

In frame of their licentious policyes.)

In the firme order of iust *Destinie*,

They are the ready high wayes to our Ruines.

I know not what to doe, my wicked hopes

Arc, with this Tempest, torne vp by the rootes.

O, which way shall I bend my desperate steppes,

In which vn sufferable Shame and Miserie

Will not attend them? I will walke this Banck,

And see if I can meete the other reliques

Of our poore ship-wrackt Crew, or heare of them.

The Knight (alas) was so farre gone with wine,

And th'other three, that I refus'de their Boate,

And tooke the haplesse Woman in another,

Who cannot but be suncke, what euer Fortune

Hath wrought vpon the others desperate liues.

*Enter Petronel, and Seagul, bareheaded.*

*Pet.* Zounds Captaine, I tell thee, we are cast vp o'the Coast of *France*, *Stoote*, I am not drunke still, (I hope?) Dost remember where we were last Night?

*Sea.* No by my troth Knight, not I. but me thinkes wee haue bin a horrible while vpon the water, and in the water. (thee?)

*Pet.* Aye me we are vndone for euer: hast any money about

*Sea.* Not a pennie by heauen.

*Pet.*

EASTWARD HOE.

*Pet.* Not a pennie betwixt vs, and cast a shore in France?

*Sea.* Faith I cannot tell that; my braines, nor mine eyes are not mine owne, yet.

*Enter 2. Gentlemen*

*Pet.* Sfoote wilt not beleue me? I know't by th' *elevation* of the *Pole*; and by the *altitude* and *latitude* of the *Climate*. See! hers comes a coople of French Gentlemen; I knew we were in France: dost thou think our Englishmen are so Frenchified, that a man knowes not whether he be in France, or in England, whē he sees 'hem? What shal we doe? we must eene to 'hem, and in-treat some reliefe of 'hem: Life is sweete, and we haue no other meanes to relieue our liues now, but their Charities;

*Sea.* Pray you, do you beg on 'hem t'is, you can speak French.

*Pet.* *Monsieur, plaist il d'auoir pitie de nostre grand infortunes? Je suis un poure Cheualier D'Angleterre qui a souffrit infortune de Naufrage.*

*1. Gent.* *Vn poure Cheualier D'Anglitterre?*

*Pet.* *Oui Monsieur, il est trop vraye; mais vous scaues bien nous sommes toutes subiect a fortune.*

*2. Gent.* A poore Knight of England? a poore Knight of *Windsore*, are you not? Why speake you this broken French, when y'are a whole English man? on what coaste are you, thinke you?

*Pet.* on the coast of France, sir.

*1. Gen.* On the cost of Doggs Sir: Y'are ith' *Ile a Doggs* I tell you. I see y'auē bene washt in the *Thames* here, & I beleue ye were drownd in a *Tauerne* before, or els you would neuer haue tooke boate in such a dawning as this was. Farewel, farewel, we wil not know you for shaming of you. I ken the man wecl, hee's one of my thirty pound Knights.

*2. Gen.* No no, this is he that stole his knighthood o' the grand day, for *fourē pound* giuing to a Page, all the money in 's purse I wot well. *Exeunt.*

*Sea.* Death, *Collonell*, I knew you were ouer shot.

*Pet.* Sure I thinke now indeede, *Captaine Seagall*, we were something ouer shot.

*Enter Quicksilver.*

What! my sweete *Franck Quicksilver*! dost thou suruiue to reioyce me? But what? no bodie at thy heels, *Franck*? Ay me, what is become of poore *Mistresse Securitie*.

*Quick*

## EASTWARD HOE.

*Quick.* Faith gone quite from her Name, as she is from her Fame I thinke; I left her to the mercie of the water.

*Sea.* Let her goe, let her goe: let vs go to our ship at *Black-wall* and shift vs.

*Pet.* Nay by my troth, let our clothes rotte vpon vs, and let vs rotte in them: twentie to one our Ship is attacht by this time? if we set her not vnder Saile this last Tide, I neuer lookt for any other. Woe, woe is me, what shall become of vs? the last money we could make, the greedy *Thams* has deuourde; and if our Ship be attach't, there is no hope can relieue vs.

*Quic.* Sfoote Knight, what an vn-knightly faintnesse transports thee? let our Ship sinck, and all the world thats without vs be taken from vs, I hope I haue some tricks, in this braine of mine, shall not let vs perish.

*Sea.* Well said *Francke* yfaith. O my nimble-spirited *Quick-siluer*, Foregod, would thou hadst beene our Colonell.

*Petr.* I like his spirit rarely, but I see no meanes he has to support that spirit.

*Quic.* Go to Knight, I haue more meanes then thou art aware off: I haue not liu'd amongst Gould-smiths and Gould-makers all this while, but I haue learned something worthy of my time with 'hem. And, not to let thee sinck where thou standst, Knight, Ile let thee know some of my skill presently.

*Sea.* Doe good *Francke* I beseech thee.

*Quic.* I will blanche Copper so cunningly, that it shall endure all proofes, but the Test: it shall endure malleation, it shall haue the ponderositie of *Luna*, and the tenaciue of *Luna*; by no meanes friable.

*Petr.* Slight, where learn'st thou these tearmes, tro?

*Quic.* Tush Knight, the tearmes of this Arte, euery ignorant Quack-saluer is perfect in: but Ile tell you how your selfe shall blanche Copper thus cunningly. Take *Arfnicke*, otherwise called *Realga*, (which indeede is plaine *Ratsbane*) Sublime 'hem three or foure times, then take the Sublimate of this *Realga*, and put 'hem into a Glasse, into *Chymia*, & let 'hem haue a conuenient decoction Naturall, foure and twentie houres, & he will become perfectly fixt: Then take this fixed powder, & proiect him vpon wel-purgd Copper, *et habebis Magisteriũ.*

*Ambo.* Excellent *Francke*, let vs hugge thee.

*Quic.*

*Quick.* Nay this I will do be sic; Ile take you off twelue pence from euery Angel, with a kind of *Aqua fortis*, and neuer deface any part of the Image.

*Pet.* But then it will want weight?

*Quic.* You shall restore that thus: Take your *sal Achyme* prepar'd, and your distild Vrine; and let your Angels lie in it but foure and twenty howres, and they shall haue their perfect weight againe: come on now, I hope this is enough to put some spirit into the liuers of you, Ile infuse more an other time. We haue saluted the proud Ayre long enough with our bare skonces, now will I haue you to a wenches house of mine at London, there make shift to shift vs, and after take such fortunes as the stars shal assigne vs.

*Ambo.* Notable Franck! we will euer adore thee. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Drawer with Wynifrid, new attird.*

*Wyn.* Nowe sweete friende you haue brought me nere enough your Tauerne, which I desired that I might with some colour be seene neare, enquiring for my husband; who I must tel you stale thither last night with my wet gowne we haue left at your friends: which, to continue your former honest kindnes, let me pray you to keepe close from the knowledge of any; and so, with all vow of your requitall, let me now entreate you to leaue me to my womans wit, and fortune.

*Draw.* All shall be done you desire; and so, all the fortune you can wish for, attend you. *Exit Draw.*

*Enter Securitie.*

*Secu.* I wil once more to this vnhappy Tauerne before I shift one ragge of me more, that I may there know what is left behind, and what newes of their passengers. I haue bought me a Hat and band with the little money I had about me, and made the streets a litle leaue staring at my night-cap.

*Win.* O my deare husband! where haue you bin to night? al night abroad at Tauernes? rob me of my garments? and fare as one run away from me? Ahlas! is this seemely for a man of your credit? of your age? and affection to your wife?

*Secu.* What should I say? how miraculously sorts this? was not I at home, and cald thee last night?

*Win.* Yes Sir, the harmelesse sleepe you broke, and my answer to you would haue witness it, if you had had the pacience

EASTWARD HOE.

to haue staid and answered me; but your so sodaine retreat, made me imagine you were gone to Maister *Brambles*, and so rested patient, and hopefull of your comming againe, till this your vnbeleued absence brought me abroade with no lesse then wonder, to seeke you, where the false Knight had carried you.

*Secu.* Villaine, and Monster that I was, howe haue I abus'd thee, I was sodainly gone indeede! for my sodaine ielousie transferred me. I will say no more but this deare wife I suspected thee.

*Win.* Did you suspect me?

*Secu.* Talke not of it I beseech thee, I am ashamed to imagine it; I will home, I will home, and euery morning on my knees aske thee hartely forgiuenes. *Exeunt.*

Nowe will I descend my honourable Prospect; the farthiest seeing Sea marke of the World: Noe maruaile then if I could see two miles about me. I hope the redde Tempests anger be nowe ouer blowne, which sure I thinke Heauen sent as a punishment, for prophaning holy Saint *Lukes* memorie, with so ridiculous a custome. Thou dishonest *Suyre*, farewell to honest married Men; Farewel, to all sorts, and degrees of thee. Farewel thou horne of hūger that callt th' Inns a court to their Manger; Farewel thou horne of abundance, that adornest the headsmen of the Common-wealth; Farewell thou horne of Direction, that is the Cittie Lanthorne; Farewell thou Horne of Pleasure, the Ensigne of the huntsman; Farewell thou Horne of Destinie, th' ensigne of the married man; Farewell thou Horne Tree that bearest nothing but Stone fruite *Exit.*

*Enter Touchstone.*

*Touch.* Ha Sirah! Thinkes my Knight Aduenturer we can no point of our compasse? Doe wee not knowe *North-north-east*? *North-east and by East*? *East and by North*? nor plaine *Eastward*? Ha? haue we neuer heard of *Virginia*? nor the *Cauallaria*? not the *Colonia*? Can we discover no discoveries? well, mine errant *Sir Flash*, and my rannagate *Quicksilver*, you may drinke dronke, crack cannes, hurle away a browne dozen of *Monmouth Capps* or so, in sea-ceremonie to your boon voyage, but for reaching any Coast saue the coast of *Kent*, or *Essex*, with this Tide, or with this flecte, Ile be your warrant for a *Gravesend Tost*: There's that gone afore, wil stay your *Admiral*

EASTWARD HOE

and *Vice-admirall*, and *Rere-admirall*, were they al (as they are) but one *Pinnace*, and vnder saile, as wel as a *Remora*, doubt it not, and from this Sconce, without cyther powder or shot, *worke vpon that now* Nay, and you'll shew trickes, wee'l vie with you, a little. My Daughter, his Lady, was sent Eastward, by land, to a Castle of his, i'the ayre (in what region I knowe not) and (as I heare) was glad to take vp her lodging in her Coach, she and her two waiting women, her maide, and her mother, like three *Snailles* in a shell, and the Coachman a top on 'hem, I thinke. Since they haue all found the way back againe by *weeping Crosse*. But ile not see 'hem. And for two on 'hem, *Madam*, and her *Malkin*, they are like to bite o'the bridle for *William*, as the poore horses haue done al this while that hurried 'hem, or else go graze o'the cōmon: So should my *Dame Touchstone* too, but she has bene my *Crosse* these thirty yeares, and ile now keepe her, to fright away sprights; Ifaith, I wonder I heare no news of my sonne *Goulding*? He was sent for to the *Guild-hall*, this Morning betimes, and I maruaile at the matter, if I had not layd vp Comfort, & hope in him, I should grow desperate of al. See, He is come I'my thought! How now Sonne? what newes at the Court of Aldermen?

*Enter Goulding.*

*Gould.* Troth Sir, an Accident somewhat strange, els it hath litle in it worth the reporting.

*Touch.* What? It is not borrowing of money then?

*Gold.* No sir it hath pleas'd the worshipful Commoners of the city, to take me one i'their number at presentation of the in-

*Touch.* Ha!

(quest

*Gould.* And the *Alderman* of the warde wherein I dwel, to appoint me his Deputy ———

*Touch.* Howe! (went.

*Gold.* In which place, I haue had an oath ministred me, since I

*Touch.* Now my deare, & happy Sonne! let we kisse thy new worship, & a litle boast mine own happines in thee: What a fortune was it (or rather my iudgment indeed) for me, first to see that in his disposition, which a whole City so conspires to second? Tane into the Liuory of his cōpany, the first day of his freedōe? now (not a weeke married) chosen *Commoner*? and *Aldermans* Deputie in a day? note but the reward of a thrifty course. The wōder of his Time! Wel, I wil honour M. *Alderman*, for this act, (as becomes me) & shall think the better of the cōmon Councils wisdōe, & werchip, while I liue, for thus meeting, or but cōning

after me in the opinion of his desert. Forward, my sufficient *Sonne*, and as this is the first, so esteeme it the least step, to that high and prime honour that expects thee.

*Goul.* Sir, as I was not ambitious of this, so I couet no higher place; it hath dignity enough, if it will but saue me from contempt: and I had rather my bearing, in this, or any other office, should adde worth to it; then the Place giue the least opinion to me.

*Touch.* Excellently spoken: This modest Answer of thine blushes, as if it said, I will weare Scarlet shortly. Worshipfull *Sonne*! I cannot containe my selfe, I must tell thee, I hope to see thee one o' the Monuments of our Citty, and reckon'd among her worthies, to be remembred the same day with the *Lady Ramsey*, and graue *Gresham*: when the famous fable of *Whittington*, and his *Pusse*, shalbe forgotten, and thou and thy *Actes* become the *Posies* for Hospitals, when thy name shall be written vpon Conduits, and thy deeds plaid i' thy life time, by the best companies of Actors, and be call'd their *Get-peny*. This I diuine. This I Prophecie.

*Gold.* Sir, engage not your expectation farther, then my abilities will answere: I that know mine owne strengths, feare 'hem; and there is so seldome a loile in promising the least, that commonly it brings with it a welcome decept. I haue other newes for you Sir.

*Touch.* None more welcome, I am sure?

*Gould.* They haue their degree of welcome, I dare affirme. The Colonell, and all his company, this morning putting forth drunke from *Belinsgate*, had like to haue been cast away o' this side *Greenwich*: and (as I haue intelligence, by a false Brother.) are come dropping to towne, like so many Masterlesse men, i' their doublets and hose, without Hatte, or Cloake, or any other —————

*Touch.* A miracle! the Iustice of Heauen! where are they? lets goe presently and lay for 'hem.

*Goul.* I haue done that already Sir, both by Constables, and other officers, who shall take 'hem at their old *Anchor*; and with lesse tumult, or suspicion, then if your selfe were seene in't: vnder coulour of a great Presse, that is now abroad, and they shall here be brought afore me.

*Touch.*

*Touch.* Prudent, & politique sonne ! Disgrace 'hem all that euer thou canst ; their Ship I haue already arrested . How to my wish it falls out, that thou hast the place of a Iusticer vpon 'hem ! I am partly glad of the iniury done to me , that thou maist punish it . Be seuerer i' thy place , like a new officer o' the first quarter , vnreflected : you heare how our Lady is come back with her traine, from the inuisible Castle ?

*Gould.* No, where is she ?

*Touch.* Within, but I ha' not seene her yet, nor her mother; who now begins to wish her daughter vndub'd, they say, and that she had walkd a foot-pase with her sister . Here they come, stand back.

*Touchstone, Mistresse Touchstone, Gyrtrude, Goulding, Mildred, Syndesie.*

God saue your Ladiship ; saue your good Ladiship : your Ladiship is welcome from your enchanted Castells, so are your beautious Retinew. I heare your Knight errant is trauayld on strange aduentures : Surely in my mnde , *your Ladiship hath fish'd faire, and caught a Frog* , as the saying is.

*Mist. Tou.* Speake to your Father, Madam, & kneele downe.

*Gyr.* Kneele ? I hope I am not brought to low yet : though my Knight be run away & has sold my land, I am a Lady, stil.

*Touch.* Your Ladiship says true, Madam, & it is fitter, and a greater *decorum*, that I should curtsie to you, that are a knights wife, and a Lady, then you be brought a' your knees to me, who am a poore Cullion, and your Father.

*Gyr.* Law ! my Father knowes his duty.

*Mist. Tou.* O child !

*Touch.* And therefore I doe desire your Ladiship, my good Lady *Flash*, in all humility, to depart my obscure Cottage, and returne in quest of your bright, and most transparent Castell, *how euer presently conceald to mortall eyes* . And as for one poore woman of your traine here , I will take that order, she shall no longer be a charge vnto you, nor helpe to spend your Ladiship; she shall stay at home with me, and not goe abroad, not put you to the pawning of an odde Coach-horse, or three wheelles, but take part with the *Touchstone* : If we lacke, we will not complaine to your Ladiship. And so good *Madam* , with your *Damoselle* here , please you to let vs see your straight

EASTWARD HOE.

backs, in equipage; for truly, here is no roust for such Chickens as you are, or birds o' your feather, if it like your Ladiship.

*Gyrt.* Mary, fyste o' your kindnesse. I thought as much. Come away *Sinne*, we shall asloone get a fart from a dead man, as a farthing of court' sic here.

*Mild.* O, good Sister!

*Gyrt.* Sister, sir reuerence? come away, I say, Hunger drops out at his nose.

*Goul.* O Madam, *Faire words neuer hurt the tongue.*

*Gyrt.* How say you by that? you come out with your golde

*Mi.Tou.* Stay Lady-daughter: good husband. (ends now!

*Touch.* Wife, no man loues his fetters, be they made of gold: I list not ha' my head fastned vnder my childs girdle; as she has brew'd, so let her drinke, a Gods name: she went witleffe to wedding, now she may goe wisely a begging. It's but hony-Moone yet with her Ladiship; she has Coach horses, Apparell, Jewels yet left, she needs care for no friends, nor take knowledge of *Father, Mother, Brother, Sister*, or any body: When those are pawn'd, or spent, perhaps we shall returne into the list of her acquaintance.

*Gyrt.* I scorne it ifaith. Come *Sinne*. (Exit *Gyrt.*

*Mi.Tou.* O Madam, why do you prouoke your Father, thus?

*Touch.* Nay, nay, eene let Pride goe afore, Shame wil follow after, I warrant you. Come, why doost thou weepe now? thou art not the first good Cow hast had an ill Calfe, I trust. What's the newes, with that fellow? *Enter Constable.*

*Goul.* Sir, the Knight, and your man *Quicke siluer* are without, will you ha' hem brought in?

*Touch.* O by any meanes. And Sonne, here's a Chaire; appeare terrible vnto hem, on the first enter view. Let them behold the melancholy of a Magistrate, and taste the fury of a Citizen in office.

*Goul.* Why Sir, I can do nothing to hem, except you charge hem with somwhat.

*Touch.* I will charge hem, and recharge hem, rather then Authority should want foyle to set it of.

*Gould.* No good Sir, I will not.

*Touch.* Sonne, it is your place; by any meanes.

*Goul.* Belecue it, I will not Sir.

*Enter*

EASTWARD HOE.

Enter Knight Petronell, Quickeſiluer, Conſtable, Officers.

*Pet.* How Miſfortune purſues vs ſtill in our miſery!

*Quic.* Would it had beene my fortune, to haue beene truſt vp at *Wapping*, rather then euer ha' come here.

*Pet.* Or mine, to haue famiſht in the Iland.

*Quic.* Muſt *Goulding* ſit vpon vs?

*Conſta.* You might carry an M. vnder your girdle to Maſter *Deputis* worſhip.

*Gould.* What are thoſe, maſter Conſtable?

*Conſt.* And 't pleaſe your worſhip, a couple of Maſterleſſe men, I preſt for the Low-countries, Sir.

*Goul.* Why do you not cary 'hem to *Bridewell*, according to your order, they may be ſhipt away?

*Conſt.* An't pleaſe your Worſhip, one of 'hem ſayes he is a Knight; and we thought good to ſhew him to your worſhip, for our diſcharge.

*Goul.* Which is he?

*Conſt.* This Sir.

*Goul.* And what's the other?

*Conſt.* A Knights Fellow Sir, an't pleaſe you.

*Goul.* What? a Knight, and his Fellow thus accoutred? Where are their Hattes, and Feathers, their Rapiers, and their Cloakes?

*Quic.* O they mock vs.

*Conſt.* Nay truly ſir, they had caſt both their Feathers, and Hattes too, before wee ſee 'hem. Here's all their furniture, an't pleaſe you, that we found. They ſay, Knights are now to be knowne without Feathers, like Cockrels by their Spurres, Sir.

*Goul.* What are their names, ſay they?

*Touch.* Very well this. He ſhould not take knowledge of 'hem in his place, indeed.

*Con.* This is Sir *Petronell Flaſh*.

*Touch.* How!

*Con.* And this *Francis Quickeſiluer*.

*Touch.* Is't poſſible? I thought your Worſhip had beene gone for *Virginia*, Sir. You are welcome home ſir. Your Worſhip has made a quick returne, it ſeemes, and no doubt a good voyage. Nay pray you be couer'd Sir. How did your *Biſquet* hold out Sir? Me thought, I had ſcene this Gentlemen afore; good Maſter *Quickeſiluer*! How a degree to the *Southward* has chang'd you.

*Gould.* Doe you know 'hem Father? Forbeare your offers a litle, you ſhall be heard anon.

*Touch.*

*Touch.* Yes, Maister Deputy: I had a small venture with them in the voyage, a Thing, cald a *Sonne in Lawe*, or so. Officers, you may let 'hem stand alone, they will not runne away, He giue my word for them. A coup'e of very honest Gentlemen. One of 'hem was my Prentise, *M. Quicksilver*, here, & whē he had 2. yeare to serue, kept his whore, & his hunting Nag, would play his 100. pound at *Gresco*, or *Primero*, as familiarly (& al a'my purse) as any bright peice of Crimson on 'hem all, had his changable trunks of Apparel, standing at liuery, with his Mare, his Chest of perfumd linnen, and his Bathing Tubbs, which whē I told him off, why he—he was a Gentleman, and I a poore *Cheapeside* Groome. The remedie was, we must part. Since when he hath had the gift of gathering vp some small parcels of mine, to the value of 500. pound disperst among my customers, to furnish this his *Virginian* vesture; wherein this knight was the chiefe, *sir Flash*: one that married a daughter of mine, Ladefied her, turn'd two thousand poundes worth of good land of hers, into *Cash*, within the first weeke, bought her a new Gowne, & a Coach, sent her to seeke her fortune by land, whilst himselte prepared for his fortune by sea, tooke in fresh flesh at *Belingsgate*, for his owne diet, to serue him the whole voyage, the wife of a certaine vsurer, cald *Securitie*, who hath bene the broker for 'hem in all this businesse: Please Maister Deputy, *Worke upon that now.*

*Goul.* If my worshipfull Father haue ended.

*Touch.* I haue, it shall please M. Deputy.

*Goul.* Well then, vnder correction. ———

*Touch.* Now sonne, come ouer 'hem with some fine guird, as thus, *Knight you shall be encountred*, that is, had to the Counter; or *Quicksilver*, I will put you in a crucible or so.

*Gould.* Sir *Petronell Flash*, I am sory to see such flashes as these proceede from a Gentleman of your Quality, & Rancke; For mine own part, I could wish, I could say, I could not see thē: but such is the misery of Magistrates, and men in Place, that they must not winke at Offenders. Take him aside, I wil heare you anone sir. (cries.)

*Tom.* I like this wel yet: there's some grace i' the knight, left, He

*Goul.* *Francis Quicksilver*, would God thou hadst turn'd *Quack-saluer*, rather then run into these dissolute, & lewd courses

ses; It is great pittie, thou art a proper yong man, of an honest and cleane face, somewhat neere a good one, (God hath done his part in thee) but, thou haste made too much, and beene to proud of that face, with the rest of thy body; for maintenance of which in neate and garish attire, (onely to be look'd vpon by some light houswives) thou hast prodigally consumed much of thy Masters estate: and being by him gently admonish'd, at feveral times, hast return'd thy selfe haughty, and rebellious, in thine answers, thundring out vnciuill comparifons, requiting al his kindnes with a course and harsh behauiour, neuer returning thanks for any one benefit, but receiuing all, as if they had bin Debts to thee, & no Courtesies. I must tel thee *Francis*, these are manifest signes of an ill nature; and God doth often punish such pride, and *outrrecuidance*, with scorne and infamy, which is the worst of misfortune. My worshipfull father, what do you please to charge them withall? from the presse I wil free hem Maister Constable.

*Const.* Then ile leaue your worship, Sir. (hem.

*Gold.* No, you may stay, there will be other matters against

*Touch.* Sir I do charge this Gallant, Maister *Quicksiluer*, on suspition of Felony; and the Knight as being accessary, in the receipt of my goods.

*Quick.* O God Sir!

*Touch.* Hold thy peace, impudēt varlot, hold thy peace. With what forehead or face, dost thou offer to *choppe Logick* with me, hauing run such a race of Riot, as thou hast done? Do's not the sight of this worshipful mans fortune & temper, confound thee, that was thy yonger fellow in household, and now come to haue the place of a Iudge vpon thee? Dost not obserue this? Which of al thy Gallants, & Gāsters, thy Swearers & thy Swaggerers, will come now to mone thy misfortune, or pittie thy penurie? They le looke out at a window, as thou rid'st in triumph to *Tiborne*, and crye, yonder goes honest *Franck*, mad *Quicksiluer*; He was a free boone companion, when hee had money, sayes one; Hang him foole, saies another, he could not keepe it when he had it; A pox o' the Cullio his M<sup>r</sup>. (sais a third) he has brought him to this: when their Pox of pleasure, & their piles of perdition, would haue bene better bestowed vpon thee, that hast ventred for hem with the best, and by the clew of thy knauery.

H

brought

brought thy selfe weeping, to the Cart of Calamity.

*Quic.* Worshipfull Maister.

*Touch.* Offer not to speake, *Crocodile*, I will not heare a sound come from thee. Thou hast learnt to whine at the Play yonder. Maister *Deputy*, pray yon commit 'hem both to safe custody, till I be able farther to charge 'hem.

*Quic.* O me, what an infortunate thing am I!

*Pet.* Will you not take security Sir.

*Touch.* Yes mary will I sit *Flash*, if I can find him, & charge him as deepe as the best on you. He has beene the plotter of all this: he is your Inginer, I heare. Maister *Deputy*, you'll dispose of these? In the meane time, Ile to my *Lo. Mayor*, & get his warrant, to seize that Serpent *Securitie* into my hands, & seale vp both house, and goods, to the Kings vse, or my satiffaction.

*Goul.* Officers take 'hem to the Counter. *Qui. Pet.* O God..

*Touch.* Nay on, on: you see the issue of your Sloth. Of Sloth commeth Pleasure, of Pleasure commeth Riot, of Ryot comes Whoring, of Whoring comes Spending, of Spending comes Want, of Want comes Theft, of Theft comes Hanging; and there is my *Quicke silver* fixt. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Scena Prima.

*Gyrtrude. Sindesie.*

*Gyr.* Ah *Sinne*! hast thou euer read i'the Chronicle of any Lady, and her waiting-woman, driuen to that extremity, that we are, *Sinne*?

*Syn.* Not I truely. Madam, and if I had, it were but colde comfort, should come out of bookes, now.

*Gyr.* Why, good faith *Sinne*, I could dine with a lamentable storie, now. *O bone, bone, o no nera, &c.* Canst thou tell nere a one, *Synne*?

*Sin.* None, but mine owne, Madam, which is lamentable inough; first to be stolne from my Friends, which were worshipfull, and of good accompt, by a Prentise, in the habite and disguise of a Gentleman, and here brought vp to London, and promis'd mariage, and now likely to be forsaken. (for he is in possibility to be hangd.)

*Gyr.* Nay weepe not good *Sinne*. My *Petronell*, is in as good possibilitie as he. Thy miseries, are nothing to mine, *Sinne*: I was more then promis'd mariage, *Sinne*, I had it *Sinne*: & was made

made a Lady; and by a Knight, *Sin*: which is now as good as no Knight, *Sin*: And I was borne in *London*, which is more then brought vp, *Sin*: and already forsaken, which is past likelihood, *Sin*: and in stead of Land i' the Countrey, all my Knights Liuing lies i' the *Counter*, *Syn*. there's his Castle now?

*Syn*. Which hee cannot be forc't out off, Madam.

*Gyr*. Yes, if he would liue hungry a weeke, or two. *Hunger they say breakes stone wals*. But he is eene wel inough seru'd, *Sin*, that so soone as euer he had got my hand to the sale of my inheritance run away from me, and I had bene his Punke, God blesse vs. Would the Knight o' the *Sunne*, or *Palmerin* of England, haue vs'd their Ladies so, *Syn*? or fir *Lancelot*? or fir *Tristram*?

*Syn*. I doe not know, Madam.

*Gyr*. Then thou know'st nothing, *Syn*. Thou art a Foole, *Syn*. The Knighthood now a daies, are nothing like the Knighthood of old time. They rid a horseback. Ours goe afoote. They were attended by their Squires. Our by their Lacquaies. They went buckled in their Armor, Ours muffled in their Cloaks. They trauid wilderneses, & desarts, Ours dare scarce walke the streets. They were stil prest to engage their Honour, Ours stil ready to paune their cloaths. They would gallop on at sight of a Mōster, Ours run away at sight of a Serieant. They would helpe poore Ladies, Ours make poore Ladies.

*Syn*. Madam, they were Knights of the Round-Table at *Winchester*, that sought Aduētures, but these of the Square Table at *Ordinaries*, that sit at Hazard. (next

*Gyr*. True *Syn*, let him vanish. And tel me, what shal we pawne

*Syn*. I mary, Madā, a timely consideration, for our Hostes (prophane woman) has sworne by bread, & salt, she will not trust vs another meale.

*Gyr*. Let it stinke in her hand thē: Ile not be beholding to her. Let me see, my Jewels be gone, & my Gownes, & my red veluet Petticote, that I was married in, & my wedding silke stockings, & al thy best apparel, poore *Syn*. Good faith, rather thē thou shouldest pawne a ragge more, I'd lay my Ladiship in lauender, if I

*Syn*. Alas, Madam, your Ladiship? (knew where.

*Gir*. I, why? you do not scorne my Ladiship, though it is in a Wastcoate? Gods my life, you are a *Peate* indeed! do I offer to morgage my Ladiship, for you, and for your auaille, and do you turne the Lip, and the Alas to my Ladiship?

EASTWARD HOE.

*Syn.* No Madam, but I make question, who will lend any thing vpon it?

*Gyr.* Who? marry inow, I warrant you, if you'le seeke 'hem out. I'm sure I remember the time, when I would ha' giuen a thousand pound, (if I had had it) to haue bin a Ladie; and I hope I was not bred and borne with that appetite alone: some other gentle-borne o'the Citie, haue the same longing I trust. And for my part, I would afford 'hem a peny'rth, my Ladiship is little the worse, for the wearing, and yet I would bate a good deale of the summe. I would lend it (let me see) for 40.li. in hand, *Syn*, that would apparrell vs; and ten pound a yeare: that would keepe me, and you, *Syn*, (with our needles) and wee should neuer need to be beholding to our sciruy Parents? Good Lord, that there are no *Fayries* now adayes, *Syn*.

*Syn.* Why Madame?

*Gyr.* To doe Miracles, and bring Ladyes money. Sure, if we lay in a cleanly house, they would haunt it, *Synne*? Ile trie. Ile sweep the Chamber soone at night, & set a dish of water o'the Hearth. A *Fayrie* may come, and bring a Pearle, or a Diamonde Wee do not know *Syn*? Or, there may be a pot of Gold hid o'the backe-side, if we had toolesto digge for't? why may not wee two rise earely i'the morning (*Syn*) afore any body is vp, and find a Iewell, i'the streets, worth a 100. li.? May not some great Court-Lady, as she comes from Reuels at midnight, looke out of her Coach, as 'tis running, and loose such a Iewell, and wee finde it? Ha?

*Syn.* They are prettie waking dreames, these.

*Gyr.* Or may not some olde Vsurer bee drunke ouer-night, with a Bagge of money, and leaue it behinde him on a Stall? for God-sake, *Syn*, let's rise to morrow by breake of day, and see. I protest law, If I had as much money as an Alderman, I would scatter some on't, i'th'streetes for poore Ladyes to finde, when their Knights were layd vp. And, nowe I remember my Song o'the *Golden showre*, why may not I haue such a fortune?

Ile sing it, and try what luck I shall haue after it.

*Fond Fables tell of olde,*

*How Ioue in Danaes lappe:*

*Fell in a showre of Gold,*

*By which shee caught a clappe;*

*O, had it beene my hap,*

(How ere the blow doth threa-

So well I like the play, ten)

That I could wish all day

And night to be so beaten.

Enter

EASTWARD HOE.

*Enter Mistris Touchstone.*

O, heer's my Mother! good lucke, I hope. Ha' you brought any money, Mother? Pray you Mother, your Blessing. Nay, sweet Mother, doe not weepe.

*Mistris Touch.* God blesse you; I would I were in my Graue.

*Gyr.* Nay, deare Mother, can you steale no more money from my father? dry your eyes, & comfort me. Alas, it is my Knights fault, and not mine, that I am in a Wast-coate, and attyred thus simply.

*Mistris Touch.* Simply? Tis better then thou deseru'st. Neuer whimper for the matter. *Thou should'st haue look'd, before thou hadst leapt.* Thou wert a fire to be a Lady, and now your Ladi-shippe and you may both *blowe at the Cole*, for ought I know. *Selſe doe, selſe haue. The haſtie perſon neuer wants woe,* they ſay.

*Gyr.* Nay then Mother, you should ha look'd to it; A bodie would thinke you were the older: I did but my kinde, I. He was a Knight, and I was fit to be a Lady. Tis not lacke of liking, but lacke of liuing, that ſeuers vs. And you talke like your ſelſe and a Cittiner in this, yfaith. You ſhew what Husband you come on I-wys. You ſmell the *Touch-ſtone*. He that will doe more for his daughter, that he has marryed a ſcruie Gold-end man, and his Prentiſe, then he will for his t'other Daughter, that has wedded a Knight, and his Customer. By this light, I thinke hee is not my legitimate Father.

*Syn.* O good Madam, doe not take vp your mother ſo.

*Mistris Touch.* Nay, nay, let her eene alone. Let her Ladi-shippe grieue me ſtill, with her bitter taunts and termes. I haue not dole inough to ſee her in this miſerable caſe, I? without her Veluet gownes, without Ribbands, without Jewels, without French-wites, or Cheat bread, or Quails, or a little Dog, or a Gentleman Viher, or any thing indeed, that's fit for a Lady. —

*Syn.* Except her tongue.

*Mistris Touch.* And I not able to releiue her neither, being kept ſo ſhort, by my husband. Well, God knowes my heart. I did little thinke, that euer ſhee ſhould haue had need of her ſi-ſter *Golding*.

*Gyr.* Why Mother, I ha not yet. Alas, good Mother, bee not intoxicate for mee, I am well inough. I would not change huf-bands with my Siſter, I. *The legge of a Larke is better then the body of a Kight.*

*Mistress Touch.* I know that. But——

*Gyr.* What sweete Mother, What?

*Mistress Touchstone.* It's but ill food, when nothing's left but the Claw.

*Gyr.* That's true Mother; Aye me.

*Mistress Touchstone.* Nay, sweete Lady-bird, sigh not. Child, Madame. Why doe you weepe thus? Bee of good cheere. I shall die, if you crye, and marre your complexion, thus?

*Gyr.* Alas Mother, what should I doe,

*Mistress Touch.* Goe to thy Sister's Childe, Shee'le be proude, thy Lady-ship will come vnder her rooffe. Shee'le winne thy Father to release thy Knight, and redeeme thy Gownes, and thy Coach, and thy Horses, and set thee vp againe.

*Gyr.* But will shee get him to set my Knight vp, too?

*Mistress Touchstone.* That shee will, or any thing else thou'lt aske her.

*Gyr.* I will begin to loue her, if I thought she would doe this.

*Mistress Touch.* Try her good Chucke, I warrant thee.

*Gyr.* Dooft thou thinke shee'le doo't?

*Syn.* I Madame, and be glad you will receiue it.

*Mistress Touch.* That's a good Mayden, shee tells you trew. Come, Ile take order for your debts i'the Ale-house.

*Gyr.* Goe, *Syn.*, and pray for thy *Franck*, as I will, for my *Pet.*

*Enter Touchstone, Goulding, Wolfe.*

*Touch.* I will receiue no Letters, *M Wolfe*, you shal pardon me.

*Gould.* Good Father let me entreat you.

*Touch.* Sonne *Goulding*, I will not be tempted, I finde mine owne easie nature, and I know not what a well-pend subtil Letter may worke vpon it: There may be Tricks, Packing, doe you see? Returne with your Packer, Sir.

*Wolfe.* Beleeue it Sir, you need feare no packing here. These are but Letters of Submission, all.

*Touch.* Sir, I doe looke for no Submission. I will beare my selfe in this like *Blinde Justice*, Worke vpon that now. When the Sessions come, they shall heare from me.

*Gould.* From whom come your Letters, *M. Wolfe*?

*Wolfe.* And't please you Sir, One from *Sir Petronell*. Another from *Francis Quicke silver*. And a third, from old *Securitie*, who is almost made in Prison. There are two, to your wor-  
ship.

Ship: One from M. Francis, Sir. Another from the Knight.

*Touch.* I doe wonder, M. *Woolfe*, why you should trauaile thus, in a businesse so contrarie to kinde, or the nature o' your Place! that you being the Keeper of a Prison, should labour the release of your Prisoners! Whereas mee thinkes, it were farre more Naturall, & Kindely in you, to be ranging about for more, & not let these scape you haue already vnder the Tooth. But they say, you *Wolues*, when you ha' suck't the blood once, that they are drie, you ha' done.

*Woolfe.* Sir, your Worship may descant as you please o' my name, but I protest, I was neuer so mortified with any mens discourse, or behauiour in Prison; yet I haue had of all sorts of men i' the Kingdome, vnder my Keyes: & almost of all Religions i' the land, as *Papist*, *Protestant*, *Puritane*, *Brownist*, *Anabaptist*, *Mil-lenary*, *Famely e' Love*, *Iewe*, *Turke*, *Infidell*, *Atheist*, *Good Fellow*, &c.

*Gould.* And which of all these (thinkes M. *Woolfe*) was the best Religion?

*Woolfe.* Troth, M. *Deputie*, they that pay Fees best: we neuer examine their consciences farder.

*Gould.* I beleue you M. *Woolfe*. Good faith, Sir, Here's a great deale of humilitie i' these Letters.

*Woolfe.* Humilitie, Sir? I, were your Worshipp an Eye-witnesse of it, you would say so. The Knight will i' the *Knights-Ward*, doe what wee can Sir, and Maister *Quicksiluer*, would be i' the *Hole*, if we would let him. I neuer knew, or saw Prisoners more penitent, or more deuout. They will sit you vp all night singing of *Psalmes*, and ædifying the whole Prison: onely, *Securitie* sings a note to high, sometimes, because he lyes i' the *Two-penny ward*, farre of, and can not take his tune. The Neighbours can not rest for him, but come euery Morning to aske, what godly Prisoners we haue.

*Touch.* Which on 'hem is't is so deuout, the Knight, or the to'ther?

*Woolfe.* Both Sir. But the young Man especially! I neuer heard his like! He has cut his hayre too. He is so well giuen, and has such good gifts! Heecan tell you, almost all the Stories of the *Booke of Martyrs*, and speake you all the *Sicke-mans Salue* without Booke.

EASTWARD HOE.

*Touch.* I, if he had had grace, he was brought vp where it grew, I wis. On Maister *Wolfe*.

*Wolfe.* And he has conuerted one *Fangs* a Sarieant, a fellow could neither write, nor read, he was call'd the Bandog o'the Counter: and he has brought him already to pare his nailes, and say his prayers, and 'tis hop'd, he will sell his place shortly, and become an Intelligencer.

*Touch.* No more, I am comming all ready. If I should giue any farder eare, I were takē. A due good Maister *Wolfe*. Sonne, I doe feele mine owne weaknesse, do not importune me. Pity is a Rheume, that I am subiect too, but I will resist it. Maister *Wolfe*, *Fish is cast away, that is cast in drye Pooles*: Tell *Hypocrisie*, it will not do, I haue touchd, and tried too often; I am yet prooffe, and I will remaine so: when the Sessions come, they shall heare from me. In the meane time, to all suites, to all intreaties, to all letters, to all trickes, I will be deafe as an Adder, and blind as a Beetle, lay mine eare to the ground, and lock mine eyes i' my hand, against all temptations. *Exit.*

*Gold.* You see, maister *Wolfe*, how inexorable he is. There is no hope to recouer him. Pray you commend me to my brother Knight, and to my fellow *Francis*, present 'hem with this small token of my loue; tell 'hem, I wish I could do 'hem any worthier office, but in this, 'tis desperate: yet I will not faile to trie the vttermoſt of my power for 'hem. And sir, as farre as I haue any credit with you, pray you let 'hem want nothing: though I am not ambitious, they should know so much.

*Wolfe.* Sir, both your actions, and words speake you to be a true Gentleman. They shall know onely what is fit, and no more. *Exeunt.*

*Holdfast. Bramble. Security.*

*Hold.* Who would you speake with, Sir?

*Brā.* I would speake with one *Securitie*, that is prisoner here.

*Hold.* You are welcome Sir. Stay there Ile call him to you. Maister *Securitie*. *Secu.* Who call's?

*Hold.* Here's a Gentleman would speake with you.

*Secu.* What is he? Is't one that grafts my forehead now I am in prison, and comes to see how the Hornes shoote vp, and prosper.

*Hold.* You must pardon him Sir: The old man is a little crazd

eraz'd with his imprisonment.

*Secu.* What say you to me, Sir? Looke you here. My learned Counsaile, *M. Bramble*! Crye you mercie, Sir: when sawe you my wife?

*Bram.* Shee is now at my house, Sir, and desir'd mee that I would come to Visite you, and inquire of you your Case, that we might worke some meanes to get you foorth.

*Secu.* My Case, *M. Bramble*, is stone walles, and yron grates; you see it, this is the weakest part on't. And, for getting me forth, no meanes but hang my selfe, and so to be carryed foorth, from which they haue here bound me, in intollerable bands.

*Bram.* Why but what is't you are in for, Sir?

*Secu.* For my Sinnes, for my Sinnes Sir, whereof Mariage, is the greatest. O, had I neuer marryed, I had neuer knowne this *Purgatorie*, to which Hell is a kinde of coole Bathe in respect: My iuiues confederacie Sir, with olde *Touchstone*, that shee might keepe her *Iubilee*, and the Feast of her *New-Moone*. Doe you vnderstand me Sir? *Enter Quickefiluer.*

*Quick.* Good Sir, goe in and talke with him. The Light dos him harme, and his example will bee hurtfull to the weake Prisoners. Fic, Father *Securitie*, that you'le bee still so prophane, will nothing humble you? *Enter two Prisoners, with a Friend.*

*Friend.* What's he?

*Pri. 1.* O hee is a rare yong man. Doe you not know him?

*Frien.* Not I. I neuer saw him, I can remember.

*Pri. 2.* Why, it is he that was the gallant Prentise of *London*, *M. Touchstones* man.

*Frien.* Who *Quickefiluer*? *Pri. 1.* I, this is hee.

*Frien.* Is this hee? They say, he has beene a Gallant indeede.

*Pris.* O, the royallest fellow, that euer was bred vp i'the Citie. He would play you his thousand pound, a night at Dice; keepe Knights, and Lords Companie; go with them to baudie houses; had his sixe men in a Luerie; kept a stable of Hunting hories; and his Wench in her veluet Gowne, and her Cloth of siluer. Heres one Knight with him here in Prison.

*Frien.* And how miserably he is chaung'd!

*Pris. 1.* O, that's voluntary in him; he gaue away all his rich clothes, as soone as euer hee came in here, among the Prisoners: and will eate o'the *Basket*, for humilitie.

EASTWARD HOE.

*Friend.* Why will he doe so ?

*Pris. 2.* Alas hee has no hope of life. Hee mortifies himselfe. He dos but linger on, till the Sessions.

*Pris. 2.* O, he has pen'd the best thing, that hee calles his *Repentance*, or his *Last Fare-well*, that euer you heard: Hee is a pretie *Poet*, and for *Prose*— You would wonder how many Prisoners he has help't out, with penning *Petitions* for 'hem, and not take a penny. Looke, this is the Knight, in the rugge Gowne. Stand by.

*Enter Petronel, Bramble, Quicksilver, Woolfe.*

*Bram.* Sir, for *Securities Case*, I haue told him; Say he should be condemned to be carted, or whipt, for a *Bawde*, or so, why Ile lay an Execution on him o'two hundred pound, let him acknowledge a Iudgement, he shal do it in halfe an howre, they shal not all fetch him out, without paying the *Execution*, o' my word.

*Pet.* But can we not be bay'ld *M. Bramble*?

*Bram.* Hardly, there are none of the Iudges in Towne, else you should remoue your selfe (in spight of him) with a *Habeas Corpus*: But if you haue a Friend to deliuer your tale sensibly to some Iustice o'the Towne, that hee may haue feeling of it, (doe you see) you may be bay'ld. For as I vnderstand the Case, tis onely done, *In Terrorem*, and you shall haue an Action of *false Imprisonment* against him, when you come out: and perhaps a thousand pound Costes. *Enter M. Woolfe.*

*Quick.* How now, *M. Woolfe*? What newes? what returne?

*Woolfe.* Faith, bad all: yonder will bee no Letters received. He sayes the *Sessions* shall determine it. Onely, *M. Deputie Golding* commends him to you, and with this token, wishes he could doe you other good.

*Quick.* I thanke him. Good *M. Bramble*, trouble our quiet no more; doe not molest vs in Prison thus, with your winding deuises: Pray you depart. For my part, I commit my cause to him that can succour mee, let God worke his will. *M. Woolfe*, I pray you let this be distributed, among the Prisoners, and desire hem to pray for vs.

*Woolfe.* It shall bee done, *M. Francis*.

*Pris. 1.* An excellent temper!

*Pris. 2.* Nowe God send him good-lucke. *Exeunt.*

*Pet.* But what said my Father in Lawe, *M. Woolfe*?

*Hold.*

EASTWARD HOE

Enter Hold.

Hold. Here's one would speake with you, Sir.

Woolfe. Ile tell you anon *Sir Petronell*. who is't?

Hold. A Gentleman, Sir, that will not be seene. Enter Gold.

Woolfe. Where is he? *M. Deputie!* your wor: is wel-come. —

Gold. Peace! Woolfe. Away, Sirrah.

Gold. Good faith, *M. Woolfe*, the estate of these Gentlemen, for whome you were so late and willing a Sutor, doth much affect mee: and because I am desirous to doe them some faire office, and find there is no meanes to make my Father relent, so likely, as to bring him to be a Spectator of their Miseries; I have ventur'd on a device, which is, to make make my selfe your Prisoner: entreating, you will presently goe report it to my Father, and (sayning, an Action, at sute of some third person) pray him by this Token, that he will presently, and with all secrecie, come hether for my Bayle; which trayne, (if any) I know will bring him abroad; and then, hauing him here, I doubt not but we shall be all fortunate, in the Euent, (come in.

Woolf. Sir, I wil put on my best speede, to effect it. Please you

Gold. Yes; And let me rest conceal'd, I pray you.

Woolfe. See, here a Benefit, truely done; when it is done timely, freely, and to no Ambition. Exit.

Enter Touchstone, Wife, Daughters, Syn, VVynfred.

Touchstone. I will sayle by you, and not heare you, like the wise *Ulysses*.

Mild. Deare Father. Mistris Touch. Husband.

Gyr. Father. VVin. & Syn. M. Touchstone.

Touch. away syrens, I will inmure my selfe, against your cries; and locke my selfe vpto our Lamentations.

Mistris Touch. Gentle Husband, heare me. (Friends.

Gyr. Father, It is I Father; my Lady *Flash*: my sister and I am

Mil. Good Father.

VVyn. Be not hardned, good M. Touchstone.

Syn, I pray you, Sir, be mercifull.

Touch. I am deafe, I doe not heare you; I haue stopt mine eares, with *Shoomakers waxe*, and drunke *Lethe*, and *Mandragora* to forget you: All you speake to mee, I commit to the Ayre.

Enter VVoolfe.

Mil. How now, M. VVoolfe?

VVoolfe. Where's M. Touchstone? I must speake with him

BASTWARD HOE.

presently : I haue lost my breath for hast.

*Mild.* What's the matter Sir ? pray all be well.

*Wolfe.* Maister *Deputy Goulding* is arrested vpon an execution, and desires him presently to come to him, forthwith.

*Mild.* Aye me, doe you heare Father ?

*Touch.* Tricks, tricks, confederacie, tricks, I haue 'hem in my nose, I sent 'hem. *Wol.* Who's that ? maister *Touchstone* ?

*Mi. Tou.* Why it is *M. Wolfe* himselve, husband. *Mil.* Father.

*Touch.* I am deafe still, I say : I will neither yeeld to the song of the *Syren*, nor the voice of the *Hyena*, the teares of the *Crocodile*, nor the howling o' the *Wolfe*: auoid my habitatio mōsters,

*Wolfe.* Why you are not mad Sir ? I pray you looke forth, and see the token I haue brought you, Sir.

*Touch.* Ha ! what token is it ? *Wolf.* Do you know it Sir ?

*Tou.* My sonne *Gouldings* ring ! Are you in earnest *Mai. Wolfe* ?

*Wolfe.* I by my faith sir. He is in prison, and requir'd me to vse all speed, and secrecie to you.

*Touch.* My Cloake there (pray you be patient) I am plagu'd for my Austeritie ; my Cloake : at whose suite maister *Wolfe* ?

*Wolfe.* Ile tell you as we goe sir. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Friend. Prisoners.*

*Frie.* Why, but is his offence such as he cannot hope of life ?

*Pri. 1.* Troth it should seeme so : and 'tis great pity ; for he is exceeding penitent.

*Fri.* They say he is charg'd but on suspicion of Felony, yet.

*Pri. 2.* I but his maister is a shrewd fellow, Heele proue great matter against him.

*Fri.* I'de as liue as any thing, I could see his *Farewell*.

*Pri. 1.* Otis rarely written : why *Tobis* may get him to sing it to you, hee's not curious to any body.

*Pri. 1.* O no. He would that all the world should take knowledge of his Repentance, and thinkes he merits in't, the more shame he suffers.

*Pri. 1.* Pray thee try, what thou canst doe.

*Pri. 2.* I warrant you, he will not deny it ; if he be not hoarce with the often repeating of it. *Exit.*

*Pri. 1.* You neuer saw a more courteous creature, then he is ; and the Knight too : the poorest Prisoner of the house may command 'hem. You shall heare a thing, admirably pend.

*Fri.* Is the Knight any, Scholler too ?

EASTWARD HOE.

*Pris. I.* No, but he will speake verie well, and discourse admirably of running Horses, and *White-Friers*, and against *Baudes*: and of *Cocks*; and talke as loude as a Hunter, but is none.

*Enter Wolfe and Touchstone.*

*Wolf.* Please you stay here sir, ile cal his worship downe to you.

*Pris. I.* See, he has brought him, and the Knight too. Salute him I pray, Sir, this Gentleman, vpon our report, is very desirous to heare some piece of your *Repentance*. *Enter Quick, Pet. &c.*

*Quic.* Sir, withall my heart, & as I told *M. Tobie*, I shall be glad to haue any man a witnessse of it. And the more openly I professe it, I hope it will appeare the hartier, and the more vnfaigned.

*Touch.* Who is this? my man *Francis*? and my sonne in Lawe?

*Quick.* Sir, it is all the Testimonie I shall leaue behind me to the World, and my Master, that I haue so offended.

*Friend.* Good Sir *Qui.* I writ it, whē my spirits were opprest.

*Pet.* I, Ile be sworne for you *Francis*.

*Quick.* It is in imitation of *Maningtons*; he that was hangd at *Cambridge*, that cut of the Horses head at a blow. *Frie.* So sir.

*Quick.* To the tune of *I waile in woe, I plunge in paine*.

*Pet.* An excellent Ditty it is, and worthy of a new tune.

<p><i>Qui.</i> In Cheapside famous for Gold &amp; Quickbluer I did dwell of late: (Plate, I had a Master good, and kind, (mind. That would haue wrought me to his He had me still, Worke vpon that,</p>	<p>But alas I wrought I knew not what. He was a Touchstone black, but true: And told me still, what would ensue, Yet, woe is me, I would not learne, I saw, alas, but could not discern.</p>
---	--

*Frien.* Excellent, excellent well.

*Gould.* O let him alone, Hee is taken already.

<p><i>Quic.</i> I cast my Coat, and Cap away, I went in silkes, and sattens gay, False Metall of good manners, I Did dayly coine vnlawfully.</p>	<p>I scorn'd my Master, being drunke. I kept my Gelding, and my Punke, And with a knight, sir Flash, by name, (Who now is sory for the same.)</p>
--	---

*Pet.* I thanke you *Francis*.

*F.* thought by Sea to rurue away, -But I hames, and Tempest did me stay.

*Touch.* This cannot be fained sure. Heauen pardon my feuerity. The Ragged Colt, may prooue a good Horse.

*Gould.* How he listens! and is transported? He has forgot me.

<p><i>Quic.</i> Still Eastward hoe was all my But Westward I had no regard. (word: Nor neuer thought, what would come As did alas his youngest Daughter, (after</p>	<p>At last the black Ox trode o' my foote, And I saw then what longd vntoo't, Now cry I, Touchstone, touch me still, And make me currant by thy skill.</p>
---	--

EASTWARD HOE.

*Touch.* And I will do it, *Francis.*

*Wolfe.* Stay him M. Deputie, now is the time, we shall loose the song else.

*Frie.* I protest it is the best that euer I heard.

*Quick.* How like you it Gentlemen?

*All.* O admirable, sir!

*Quic.* This Stanze now following, alludes to the story of *Mannington* from whence I tooke my proiect for my inuention.

*Frin.* Pray you goe on sir.

<p><i>Quic.</i> O Mannington thy storie shew, Thou cutst a Horse-head off at a blow But I confesse, I haue not the force For to cut off the head of a horse, Ye. I desire this grace to winne,</p>	<p>That I may cut off the Horse-head of Sin, And leaue his body in the dust Of sinnes high way and bogges of Lust, Vvherby I may take Vertues purse, And liue vvith her for better, for worse.</p>
--	--

*Frin.* Admirable sir, & excellently conceited. *Quic.* Alas sir.

*Touch.* Sonne *Goulding* & *M. Wolfe.* I thank you: the deceit is welcome, especially from thee whose charitable soule in this hath shewne a high point of wisdom and honesty. Listen. I am rai- shed with his Repentance, and could stand here a whole prenti- ship to heare him,

*Frien.* Forth good sir.

*Quick.* This is the last, and the Farewell.

<p>Farewel Cheapside, farewel sweet trade Of Goldsmithes all, that neuer shall fade Farewell deare fellow Prentises all And be you warned by my fall: Shun vsurers, Bauds, and dice, and drabs.</p>	<p>Avoid them as you would French scabs Sceke not to goe beyond your Tether, But cut your Thongs unto your Lether So shall you thrive by little and little, Scape Tiborne, Coütters, &amp; the Spide</p>
---	--

*Touch.* And scape them shalt thou my penitent, & deare *Francis.*

*Quick.* Master!

*Pet.* Father!

*Touch.* I can no longer forbear to doe your humility right: Arise, and let me honour your Repentance, with the hearty and ioyfull embraces, of a Father, and Friends loue. *Quick siluer,* thou hast eate into my breast, *Quick siluer,* with the dropps of thy sorrow, and kild the desperate opinion I had of thy reclaime:

*Quick.* O sir, I am not worthy to see your worshipfull face.

*Pet.* Forgiue me Father.

*Touch.* Speake no more, all former passages, are forgotten, and here my word shall release you. Thanke this worthy Brother & kind friend, *Francis.* — *M. Wolfe,* I am their Bayle;

EASTWARD HOE.

A Shoute in the Prison.

*Secu.* Maister Touchstone? Maister Touchstone?

*Touch.* Who's that?

*Wolfe.* Securitie, Sir.

*Secu.* Pray you Sir, if youle be wonne with a Song, heare my lamentable tune, too:

SONG.

O Maister Touchstone,  
My heart is full of vvoe;  
Alasse, I am a Cuckhold:  
And, why should it be so?

Because I vvvas a Usurer,  
And Barvd, as all you know,  
For vvvhich, againe I tell you,  
My heart is full of vvoe.

*Touch.* Bring him forth, Maister *Wolfe*, and release his bands. This day shalbe sacred to *Mercy*, & the mirth of this *Encounter*, in the *Counter*.--See, we are encountred with more *Suters*:

*Enter Mist. Touchst. Gyr. Mil. Synd. Winnif. &c.*

Saue your Breath, saue your Breath; All things haue succeeded to your wishes: & we are heartely satisfied in their euent.

*Gyr.* Ah Runaway, Runaway! haue I caught you? And, how has my poore Knight done all this while?

*Pet.* Deare Lady-wife, forgiue me.

*Gert.* As heartely, as I would be forgiuen, Knight. Deare Father, giue me your blessing, and forgiue me too; I ha' bene proud, and lasciuious, Father; and a Foole, Father; and being raisd to the state of a wanton coy thing, calld a Lady, Father; haue scorn'd you, Father; and my Sister; & my Sisters *Veluet Cap*, too; and would make a mouth at the *Citty*, as I ridde through it; and stop mine eares at *Bow-bell*: I haue said your Beard was a Base one, Father; and that you look'd like *Twier-pipe*, the *Taberer*; and that my Mother was but my *Midwife*.

*Mi. Tou.* Now God forgi' you, Child Madame.

*Touch.* No more Repetitions. What is else wanting, to make our *Harmony* full?

*Gould.* Only this, sir. That my fellow *Frauncis* make amends to mistresse *Sindefie*, with marriage.

*Quic.* With all my heart.

*Gould.* And *Security* giue her a do wer, which shall be all the  
reistu-

## EASTWARD HOE.

restitution he shall make of that huge masse, he hath so vn-lawfully gotten.

*Touch.* Excellently deuisd ! a good motion. What sayes Maister *Securitie* ?

*Secu.* I say any thing sir, what you'll ha me say. Would I were no Cuckold.

*Wini.* Cuckold, husband ? why, I thinke this wearing of Yellow has infected you.

*Touch.* Why, Maister *Securitie*, that should rather be a comfort to you, then a corasue. If you be a Cuckold, it's an argument you haue a beautifull woman to your wife ; then, you shall be much made of ; you shall haue store of friends ; neuer want mony ; you shall be easd of much o' your wedlock paine ; others will take it for you : Besides, you being a *Vsurer*, (and likely to goe to Hell) The *Deuills* will neuer torment you ; They'll take you, for one o their owne Race. Againe, if you be a Cuckold, and know it not, you are an *Innocent* ; if you know it, and endure it, a true *Martyr*.

*Secur.* I am resolu'd sir. Come hether *Winni*.

*Touch.* Well then, all are pleasd ; or shall be anone, Maister *Wolfe* : you looke hungry, me thinkes. Haue you no apparrell to lend *Franncis* to shitt him ?

*Quic.* No sir, nor I desire none ; but here make it my sute, that I may goe home, through the streetes, in these, as a *Spectacle*, or rather an *Example*, to the *Children of Cheapeside*.

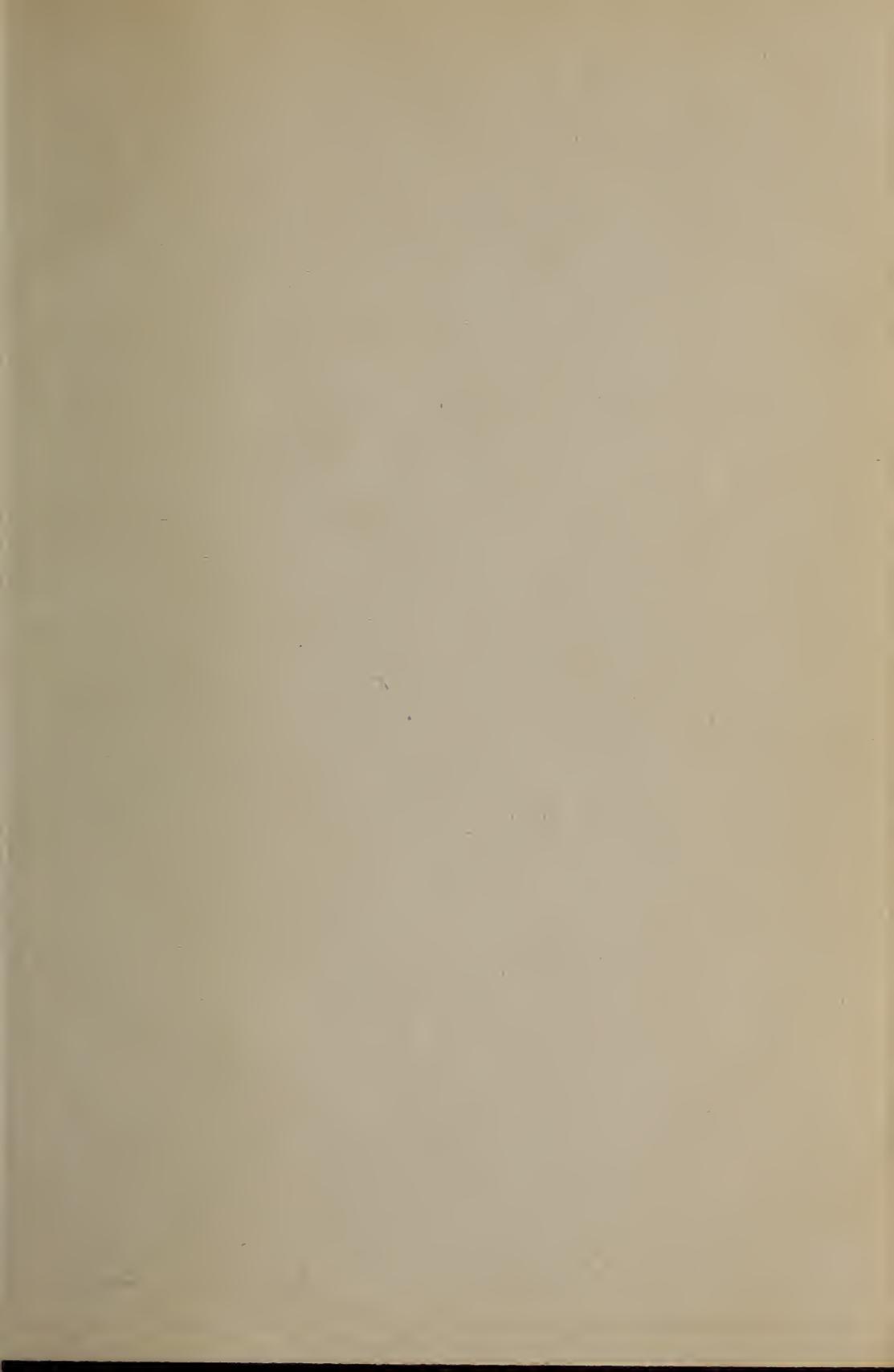
*Touch.* Thou hast thy wish. Now London, looke about, And in this morrall, see thy *Glasse* runne out : Behold the carefull Father ; thrifty Sonne ; The solemne deedes, which each of vs haue done, The *Vsurer* punisht, and from Fall so sleepe The *Prodigall* child reclaimd, and the lost *Sheepe*. *Exeunt.*

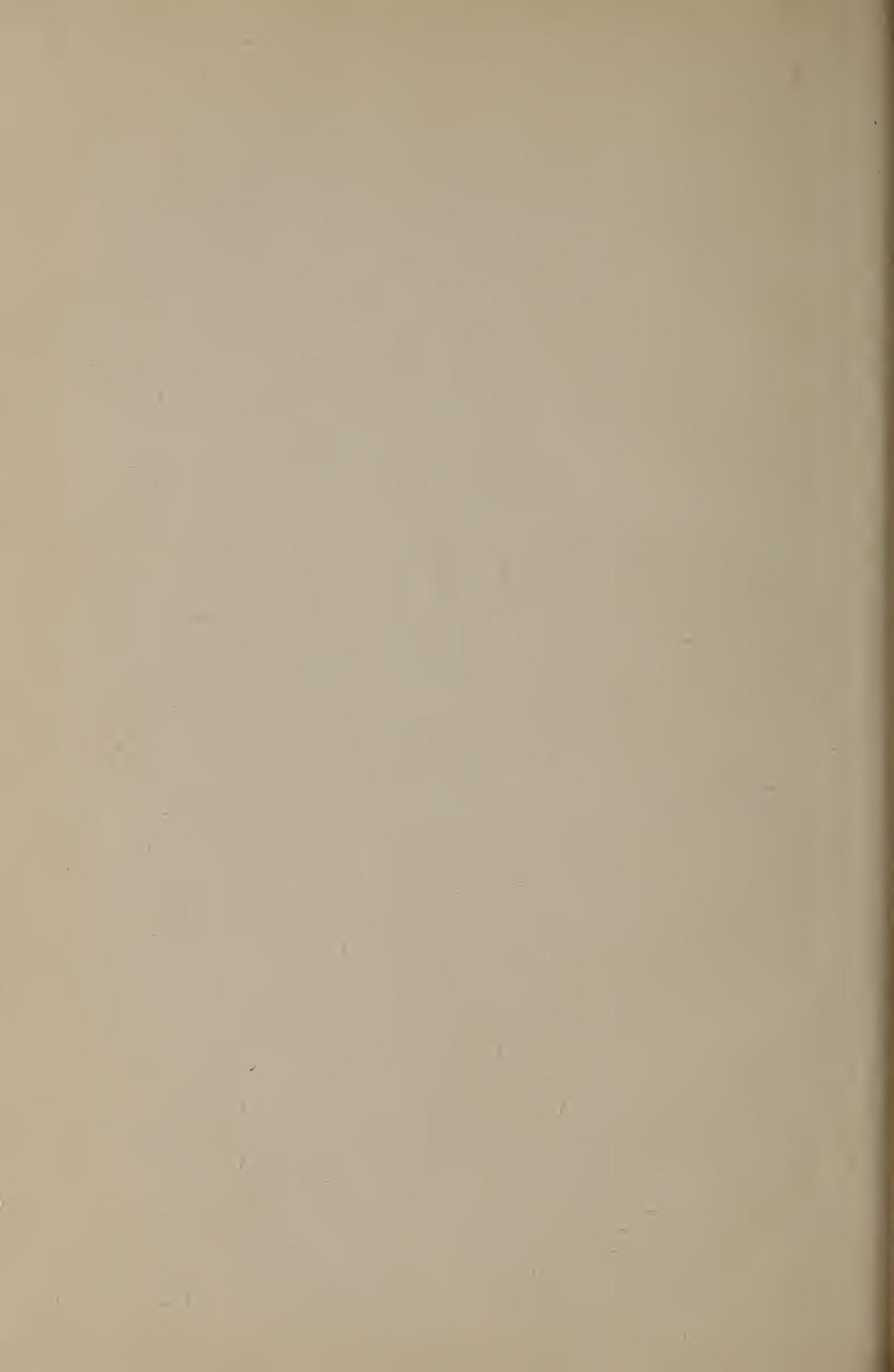
## EPILOGVS.

**S**Tay Sir, I perceiue the multitude are gatherd together, to reiw our comming out at the *Coun.er*. See, if the streets and the Fronts of the Houses, be not stucke with People, and the Windows filld with Ladies, as on the solemne day of the *Pageant* !

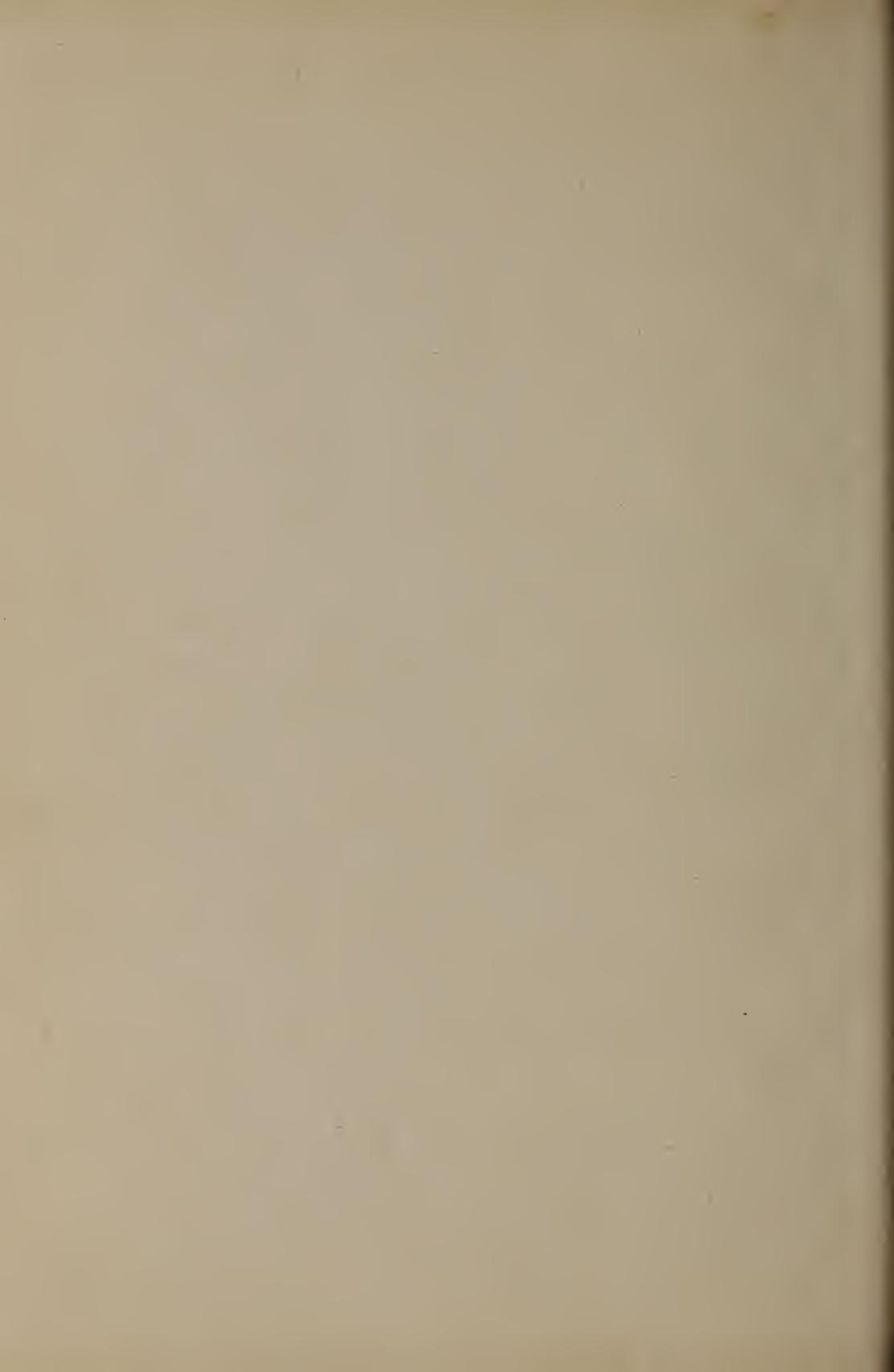
O may you find in this our *Pageant*, here,  
The same commentmen, which you came to seeke ;  
And as that *Sherry* but drawes you once a yeare,  
May this attract you, hether, once a weeke,

FINIS.









1930

MAY 12 1930

